

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Riding up town the other evening I sat beside a couple of men who when the ticket caddy was presented to them by the conductor murmured, "Transfer." He asked them from what line. "King street east," they replied. "You paid no fare on the King street east car," he retorted. "The transfer agent saw us get off the King street east car and we are not going to pay again." The conductor insisted that they had not paid at all and told them either to get off or settle. One said to the other, "Let us get off and go back," to which reply was made, "Oh, it would waste too much time," and they paid ten cents. After they left the car I asked the conductor how he could be so positive that they had not paid a fare. He told me the transfer agent had pointed them out to him, that they had jumped on a King street east car a little way from the corner of King and Yonge and had got off with the crowd and asked for a transfer, but had not paid any fare. The conductor told me it was outrageous the amount of lying that was done to him, but he was not at liberty to insist on the payment of a fare unless he had accurate information. The men in question took his number and threatened him with all sorts of dire vengeance, and it is easily understood that men are not willing to risk their positions in order to make untruthful passengers pay up. "Do you know," said he, "that a half, or at least a third of the transfers are fraudulent, and the people who are willing to lie and steal for from three to five cents constitute fully a quarter of our passengers. It is the same on every line; all of the conductors are beginning to know them. When a conductor rides with me going to his dinner he can look over the car and probably spot three or four who make a business of stealing rides and lying the conductor out of countenance. I imagine the company will make an example of one of them before very long. I was a conductor on a car line in an American city, and this same thing went on until some arrests were made."

Is it not startling that so-called respectable and even prominent citizens are willing to become liars and thieves for the paltry amount of a street car fare? It seems inconceivable that men and women would suffer self-contempt as well as dread the disgust of a street car conductor for such a paltry amount. We have long enjoyed the reputation of being the best city morally in America. Is this the product of our blue laws and rigid discipline? I have always contended that when we interfere by law in matters which are not our concern we create a generation of hypocrites, liars and formalists. We are all of us forced to be "formally" good, but in our actions and in our business transactions, and in many concerns where the public conscience should manifest itself we seem to be woefully lacking in that uprightness and unostentatious integrity which should mark the conduct of good citizens. I am not alone in stating that such a large percentage of transfer frauds are perpetrated. A daily newspaper has gone so far as to say that it would pay the company to give a general three cent fare and abolish transfers; that is to say, a section of the city has individually reduced fraud to such a fine art that it would pay the railway company to deduct twenty-five per cent. from their fares in order to escape the possibility of being swindled so generally. Is it not despicable? Think of a man or a woman going home to his or her family and for a paltry three cents recognizing himself or herself as a liar and thief! A man who says he is a transfer and is not, is certainly a liar; a man who steals a ride is certainly a thief. Two or three conductors have told me that women do this more than men. What must we think of a woman who would commit a double sin for three or four cents? Can we believe that in the presence of a temptation which is held to be a social disgrace she could be morally strong? I think it is the most appalling phase of public degradation that I have ever met with; it is a feature which has been so generally recognized by the press of this city that it can no longer be denied or concealed. I imagine that but few who are guilty of it can have entered into self-examination or the awfulness of their untruthfulness and petty larceny would have presented itself. Many people who have a right to a transfer will not claim it lest they may be thought to be frauds.

The fact that the Street Railway Company does not trust its employees to the extent of receiving the fare and indicating it by a bell punch or register, has probably been the lesson leading down to the low grade of conscientiousness now discovered in the passenger. Those who have ridden have been notified by having that little ticket-caddy shoved under their noses that the company believes its servants to be dishonest. This has been recognized by the public, and in view that the company considers all men and women thieves a certain percentage of them have become such. Is not this the natural result of all measures showing distrust of the people? Does not suspicion breed crookedness and crime? Is it not better to believe that mankind is naturally prone to be square than to proceed from a knowledge of dishonesty in a few instances to teach the public generally that it is just as well to be a thief as to be thought one? Of course such a suspicion is no excuse for wrong-doing, but it is the cause of much of the petty larceny and petty falsehood distin-

guishable in people from whom we should expect much better things.

During this recognized period of hard times, when dull trade and high taxes make the majority of Torontonians feel poor, how many of the victims of misfortune once surrounded by greater or less affluence have the strength of mind and courage to go "on the cheap?" A couple of weeks ago I was on a journey of some length, and walking on the platform of a way station met a friend of mine who at one time thought himself quite comfortably fixed. I asked him whence he came and he said New York. "Why," I said, "I did not see you in the Pullman car." He said, "I am

pass should be as thoroughly ashamed of myself, should in fact be liable to the same punishment as the officers and directors of a bank which has swindled depositors and injured public credit. Surely at least no honest man would like to have his mind or his dreams burdened with the pictures of disaster, disappointment and heartbreak consequent upon a "busted boom" and a period of civic extravagance and mismanagement. Have we any reason to hope that the public conscience will be awakened to a sense of its duty, and that able and honest men will consent to become administrators of our civic affairs?"

It appears that the easy familiarity and

encircling the necks of persons of doubtful temper. One does not like to discourage these trifling exhibitions of friendship or fondness for people or office, but it is no doubt excusable to remark upon the inadaptability of such a habit when the temperature is high and the taxes seventeen and a quarter mills on the dollar.

The sort of people who most frequently get into trouble—and into court—are those who make baby bargains. I reckon every man understands what a "baby bargain" is; it is when one makes a sale or a purchase, repents of the bargain and endeavors to change it. Children do business this

one example out of half a hundred that might be quoted. Why do we attempt to transact public business on any such baby principle? What seems to me to be needed in the City Hall is a body of aldermen who are accustomed to doing a large business. If you examine the business of the majority of aldermen you will discover many of them to be either men without any visible means of support or the managers of such small concerns that we can hope for nothing better from them. A tailor or baker is just as good a member of the community as any other man, but making clothes and baking bread do not adapt a man to the management of large concerns. In fact, the doing of a small or peddling business if long persisted in is apt to unfit a man for larger affairs. This is the sort of men we select, or rather it is the sort of men who select themselves, and the city of Toronto permits them to indulge themselves in playing at governing the town. I would not in the slightest degree be thought guilty of disparaging petty tradesmen; I am only asking whether those who do not commercially rise above such small occupations are likely to get their experience in managing a city the business of which rises into the millions. Our law suits, the management of public property and the rate of taxation all demand examination into both our system and the class of people who are pretending to work it.

The other day one of its daily contemporaries told the *World* that it was making itself the Burchard of the Sunday street car campaign. It will be remembered that Rev. Dr. Burchard killed Blaine's chances of the presidency of the United States by his foolish words in advocating his cause. I should like to see Sunday street cars, but the chances of the measure being carried are being very much injured by the *World's* overheated and oftentimes ill-judged clamor. It cannot be denied that the commercial prosperity of Toronto has been injured by the over-anxiety of many zealous people who would rather see the quiet of the graveyard in our streets than have our citizens rendered liable to the temptations of easy transportation and reasonable liberty. While this, I conceive, is capable of proof, and it is in fact understood by those who have studied the causes which have led tourists to forsake Toronto as a pleasant place to rest, that there is no use impugning the motives of the thousands who honestly believe Sunday street cars to be an evil. Many of us may believe that some of their leaders are self-seeking and impractical, yet if the cause is to be won the honest sentiment of the many must be met by the fair and reasonably worded case of their opponents.

In the first place, the religious sentiments which favor Sunday as a day of rest have been of incalculable benefit to the world. Before life became so busy and our affairs demanded such haste and worry, Sunday as a religious institution saved the week from being an uninterrupted period of labor. Before trades unions forced employers and capitalists to reduce the hours of labor on week days, the religious sentiment, the idea of the sabbatarianism provided them with a day of rest. Even the most ardent opponents of Sunday street cars have been dislodged from defending the Jewish sabbath, but in the abandonment of that idea nobody asks any portion of the world to forsake the idea of a day of rest. It is rather a question of how to make Sunday the most restful day that should engage those who are arguing for and against Sunday street cars. There is not the slightest doubt in my mind that we will have a more restful Sunday with the cars than without them, that fewer people will have to toil, that Sunday night will find fewer weary ones, that sundown of the day dedicated to the memory of our Saviour will find more rested ones with the cars than without them. More horses will have rested than would have dragged the cars had we not electric locomotion; more coachmen will have had a day of rest; more servants will have been able to take their brief respite from household duty to visit their friends and relatives; there will be a greater intermingling of those who care for each other with Sunday street cars than without them. If we confine ourselves to these most essential points there should be no ill-feeling, no name-calling, and a calm and satisfactory verdict will be reached.

Fresh Air Fund:

Previously acknowledged	\$ 6 00
F. C.	1 00
Machinist	1 00
J. O. G.	2 00
A Friend	5 00
H. D. A.	2 00
Total	\$47 00

MY DEAR DEB,—Referring to Blank Clerk's letter in last issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, I would say that this summer we have been able to send a number of children to the country from our shelter for the summer. This we have been able to do without any cost as to their maintenance while in the country because of the kindness of friends of the unfortunate little ones. These children are all worse than homeless, having degraded parents, and we hope that in some, if not all, the cases the visits may result in the adoption of the children. The cost of getting these children ready, however, and paying their railway fares has more than used up what was sent in for that special purpose. I may also say that after the close of this summer season preparations will be begun to make our work for next season almost entirely self-sufficient. The falling off in receipts for the Fresh Air Fund this year as compared with last year is so very great that had we attempted the country fortnight we could have done but little. Indeed, as it is it is possible that we may have to cut off a number of the outings we had planned because of lack of funds. I like the Clover Club idea and shall be glad to have others through you of help



MISS KATE JAMES
AS KINNA LOOFA IN THE NAUTCH GIRL.

not riding in the Pullman just now. I can make two dollars and a half easier by sitting in the first-class coach. For the last six months I have not gone to bed on the train, and another thing is, I am not ashamed of going "on the cheap." I am too near "broke" to put on any style or to even enjoy the comforts with which a little more money would provide me." I admired his courage and asked myself, how many of us have the strength of mind to recognize the changed conditions and endeavor by small economies to prevent, or at least postpone, the evil day when real estate "margins" will have faded away? I have no doubt that thousands of families in Toronto have secretly curtailed their expenses while endeavoring to appear before their neighbors as prosperously as of yore. Those who are guilty of bringing so many people to such a

shoulder-slapping habit of His Worship the Mayor is becoming unpopular. At least a couple of times this week an alderman and ex-alderman have threatened to pound his face because of his too great fluency in conversation and facetiousness in slapping them on the back. In order to uphold the dignity of his office of course the Mayor refused to do anything more violent than walk away. It would probably be as well for the chief magistrate of a city to be sure of his friends before he indulges in the none too pleasant habit of back-slapping. Men as a rule do not like to be pawed over, and if the performance takes place while the victim is in an unpleasant state of mind harsh words are apt to be indulged in. As a rule it is safest for a man who occupies a position in which he may excite general or private indignation to keep his arms from

way, but men are usually not permitted to bring their childish habits into commercial transactions. The city of Toronto has made too many baby bargains and they have been the cause of innumerable law suits, suits for damages, and all sorts of disturbing and progress-destroying conditions. No matter what large contract is examined you will find that the aldermen have either wobbled in their course, repented of their bargain, endeavored to change the terms or postpone the date, and a law suit has been the result. The latest development is in the Guelph tenders. A man was brought from Detroit to undertake the work, and after much temporizing and delay—and it is alleged after long seeking for an opportunity to take the work and the profit away from him—he finds his contract divided up. A law suit is threatened. This is only

to make next season's work a great success. The society intends also to have a lakeside home next season, if the generous friends of our work come to our help. To this we would send delicate children and tired mothers for a few days' rest and fresh air.

Yours truly,
J. STUART COLEMAN,
Secretary Children's Aid Society.
DON.

The Cruise of the Scow Jane.

We had an enthusiastic fly fisherman with us. His experience in this particular department of the piscatorial art had made him "fly" in every respect. He was a professional man by trade and the most appalling liar with regard to his accomplishments as a fisherman that any of us had ever heard. I went out in a boat with him a couple of days and he cast a fly very gracefully, but unfortunately caught nothing. The longer he fished and the less visible product of his zeal that could be seen, the more unparalleled became his stories of previous catches. The joyous gaiety of his humor made him very companionable, and when at last he devoted himself to a whole day's fishing he realized his prophecies and got a very handsome string. He was known to us as "the Phonograph," and it is reported that he rained himself paying a royalty of ten cents a million words on what he talked to us while he was fishing. One day the Phonograph shot a porcupine. I think it was the only disastrous thing that happened the crew of the Scow Jane, for the Talking Machine wouldn't let up on the extraordinary adventures he had in killing the beast and digging him out of his hole. History is not exact as to the whereabouts of the porcupine at the beginning of the war. According to the Machine he climbed fifteen trees in pursuit of the beast; he dug him out of twenty-five or thirty different varieties of holes; he blasted him out of rock; fought him single-handed in an open space; struggled with him in the water; killed him with a gaff hook; shot him in the eye; stunned him with an oar; in fact, the poor porcupine died seventy-five or eighty different deaths, and the fact that the corpse was brought into camp was supposed to be evidence of the truth of each tale. We had three doctors with us who dissected the corpse, and the Machine was able to point out evidences of each different death. The "crown" of "quest" held over the porcupine failed to arrive at any verdict except that the Machine was a phenomenal liar. Oldy enough, four days after the body was thrown in the water I met the remains at least two miles away from camp, evidently trying to get out of reach of the Machine's voice. Poor old porcupine, I think you got out of it easier than any of the rest of us.

The blonde doctor caught two maskinonge, and there were only three caught amongst the eleven of us. It can be well understood that a circumstance of this sort destroyed the equilibrium of the outfit. He was not boastful—any such aggressiveness would have been punished, for we were organized as a court—but the large and blistered superiority of the man with the extra record was difficult to endure. He blistered his wrists, and the skin peeled off his neck and face, but nature could not obliterate from his superior smile as he looked upon the rest of us those proud words, "Two maskinonge." Is there anything more exasperating than the man of modest speech who carries two volumes of self-satisfaction in a superior smile? The blonde doctor is no doubt a pleasant gentleman, but I met him two weeks after he got home and when he looked upon me there was "Two maskinonge" in his smile just the same. New skin had grown over him, and it matched the old very well, but if he lives to be eighty that same exultant look in his eyes and the commiserating smile on his lips will tell posterity that he caught two maskinonge while the other ten of us only caught one.

The history of the catching of the other one, however, may be worth writing. The last day but one before we left, we went up to Minors Lake in full force. It is the "longe ground," or the "longe water," whatever you see fit to call it, and from early in the morning till afternoon we trod through the "good places" without success. The Talking Machine caught a couple of pickerel, one of them a beauty; the rest of us hooked a few pike and threw them back in the water. I had a "longe take" a double spoon tackle off my line. He swallowed the whole business, bit off the line as neatly as it could have been done with a pair of scissors, and I hardly knew anything had touched it. We gathered on an island and held a council of war. It was evident that "longe" were not biting. Prince Arthur and I decided to start for camp and a good place to sleep. I am never on the water without troling. If I haven't two lines out I have at least one. Arthur wanted to go to sleep, and lay down in the bottom of the boat. I reminded him that we were out for "longe." He offered to fix me up an extra line, and the exertion of getting it ready inclined him to try his luck. Then five minutes after while going around a point I had a strike, and he hooked a fish and landed a thirteen-and-a-half pound "longe." Our boatman got so excited he could not strike it with the gaff, and it was lugged in over the side in a most unscientific manner. The rest of the boys were sleeping about half a mile distant, so we embraced each other and then yelled. We took a drink of cold tea and yelled some more. Then we started back to make bets with them that we would catch a "longe" before we got home, and so hopeful had we become that we fished and fished, all through that blistering afternoon, and never caught a thing. We rowed to every boat, bantered the occupants on their lack of luck, said that we felt confident we would arrive at the houseboat with a "longe"—our "longe" in the meantime being carefully concealed—but we could make no bets. At night we got in, the proprietors of the only "longe" that had been caught, but the joy had all gone out of it; we had bluffed and offered to bet so much that we were looked upon with suspicion. It is thus that joy evaporates and leaves nothing but an echo behind. Nine men arrived at the houseboat in the course of an hour, thoroughly dis-

gusted with their luck; when they found that Prince Arthur and I had caught a "longe" they were still more disgusted with us.

The Talking Machine told a story one night and we court-martialed him. You can imagine what it was like when such a course had to be pursued. The philosophical physician, whom we will call Dr. English, was judge. He is reputed to have a very large practice and a still larger heart. It is wonderful what an office of this sort can do for a man. For fifteen minutes at a time and with interludes of about fifteen seconds he would pause and give decisions. No matter what we touched, we were sure to tap a decision either on original sin, on the formation of the earth's surface, on fish, astronomy, theology or parasites. It shows what an amateur judge is apt to do, when this unobtrusive and gentle-mannered man became so autocratic. He was so full of judicial opinions that it was nearly daylight before he had time to pass sentence on the prisoner.

The trial was uproariously funny. The aliases of the witnesses complicated matters. The same witness was called under a half a dozen different names and seemed to make it a point to contradict himself each time. After they had given evidence as experts, common and court liars, and had shown every variety of testimony that may be rendered entertaining and untrue, the whole outfit were impeached as a jury with Dr. English as the judge. The prisoner was the only man who was not there in a dual capacity, but in spite of all efforts to restrain him he had more to say than even the judge himself. Towards dawn, however, the stinging comments of "My Lord," the awful revelations of the witnesses and the grave asides of the officers of the court made him feel uneasy lest he should become the victim of some mad prank. Then he began to make genuine protests and appeared to find those who were willing to take his part. Free fights were feigned and most uncomplimentary terms were ordinary epithets in the argument. At five-thirty in the morning we arrived at a verdict of "Guilty." The prisoner looked exceedingly grave as he listened to the learned and lengthy address of His Lordship who finally reserved judgment. This was a sample of the way the evenings were spent by nearly a dozen grown men who at home are more or less grave and reverend seigniors. And it did us good; it was a glimpse of quickly fading youth and renewed our daily decreasing capacity for enjoyment.

Social and Personal.

Mr. I. Suckling, who is soon to assume a responsible position in a musical connection in this city, has undertaken the business management of the grand production of *Antigone* to be given by the undergraduates of Toronto University next February. Mr. Suckling has also accepted the post of acting secretary of the musical festival to be held next May at the opening of the Massey Music Hall.

A very enjoyable entertainment was given one evening last week at the residence of Mrs. R. T. Coady, in aid of the Fresh Air Fund, by the following children: Ida Smith, Florrie Allison, Mary Miles, Eva Miles, Nonie Crozier, Amy Buckner, Isabel Dickson, Amy Lee, Edith Coady, Lena Coady and Harold Mara.

The following have registered at the Hotel Chautauque, Niagara-on-the-Lake, during the week: Mrs. Spragge, Miss Beatrice Spragge, Mr. Godfrey Spragge, Mrs. Betley, Mrs. Gordon Brown, Mr. C. C. Bains, Mr. George Harman, Mr. Harry Fitzsimons, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Warren and family, Misses Mary and Annie Hagarty, Mrs. A. H. Wright, Miss Wright, Misses Ethel and Edith Wright, Messrs. T. R. and Arthur Wright of Toronto, Mr. Victor Heron, Miss Maude Heron of Ottawa, Mrs. John Lake of New York, Mrs. P. Foster, Mr. J. Foster of New Orleans, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Fraser and family, of Niagara Falls, Ont.

The death of Mrs. James Cathcart, an old resident of Toronto, and sister of Mrs. E. W. Evans, Parkdale, is announced at Canastota, Wurttemberg, Germany, after a short illness.

Mrs. Charles J. Wilbur of New York is in the city visiting her mother, Mrs. J. D. King. Mrs. Wilbur intends, after taking a trip to Chicago, to join her sisters, who have a cottage at the Thousand Islands for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Moore, Jarvis street, returned on Tuesday from the World's Fair.

Mr. Robert Davies was one of a party of thirteen who went this week, via the C. P. R., for a week's vacation at the World's Fair.

Rev. Dr. Dawart, editor of the *Guardian*, left on Saturday morning for Chicago. He will spend a week or ten days there.

Mrs. R. B. Hamilton and daughter are spending the holidays in Orillia.

Miss Louise Sanders of Port Hope, who has been the guest of Mrs. Fred Rose, St. Mary's street, returned last week.

Messrs. E. A. Degeer, C. Corrington, W. Moore and W. Whittick have taken up their quarters at Rosseau, Muskoka, for the summer.

Mrs. Fred Rose and little daughter, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Tinning, left for Oakland and Washington on Tuesday.

Miss Bella Gillespie of Hamilton was visiting Miss Lillie Healy of Huron street last week.

Capt. and Mrs. Murray and family are at Victoria Park.

Mrs. W. S. Taylor of St. Louis, Mo., is visiting her mother, Mrs. Webber of 5 Rose avenue.

Mrs. J. L. and Miss Wherry of Quebec have just returned from visiting Detroit and Hamilton and are now the guests of Mrs. T. J. Coolican of 193 St. Clarence avenue.

Capt. and Mrs. Bennett are at Long Branch.

Mrs. James Carruthers and family have gone

for a fortnight to Muskoka. Mrs. Carruthers has had quite a serious illness recently, but is regaining strength and will soon be her bright self again.

Capt. and Mrs. Mason and family are en villégiature north of Toronto.

Mr. Norman Macrae has returned from a delightful visit at Orillia, where he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Pellatt.

Mrs. Craigie is taking holidays at Huntsville, Muskoka.

Miss McEnvey of Dundas street has returned from a fortnight's visit in the States.

Mrs. Charles and Master Bessley O'Reilly are at the Hotel Chautauque, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallbridge of Spadina avenue are spending the summer at Cape Elizabeth, Portland, Me.

Miss Brown of 666 Spadina avenue has returned to the city after a seven weeks' visit with her brother, Hon. John G. and Mr. E. D. Brown of Duluth, Minn.

Mrs. and Miss Douglas are at the World's Fair. Capt. Douglas is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Cotton of Lambton Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mason, the Misses Mason and Master Douglas Mason are at Mr. Mason's island in Muskoka.

Mrs. Charles Nelson and family have gone for the summer to Humberstone Park, Lake Erie.

Mr. Tom Hill leaves for Nantucket to day.

Mrs. Willis of Jarvis street will spend some weeks at Murray Bay.

Miss Minnie Darby is summering in Orillia.

Mr. Drynan and family have taken Mr. W. T. Murray's house at Victoria Park for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Smith, Miss Smith and Master Elmer Smith have returned from a visit to the World's Fair.

Miss Gertrude Morphy is visiting Mrs. H. E. Morphy of Oshawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Gooderham and the Misses Gooderham are at the seaside.

Mrs. V. E. Gordon of Boston, Mass., is visiting friends on Church street.

Mr. A. F. Rutter and Master Fred Rutter have returned to the city after a ten days' visit to the World's Fair at Chicago. They report the Fair as far beyond description, the weather delightful and the visit altogether most enjoyable.

Miss Lizzie Hull and Miss Lillie May left for Chicago on Friday morning.

Miss Bessie Thomson of North street is at present visiting friends in Hamilton, after which she will leave for a three weeks' visit to Belleville.

Mr. A. G. Gordon, formerly of Toronto, now of Chicago, was on a visit to this city and other parts of the province last week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Malone and family are summering at Oakville.

Mrs. H. M. and Miss Nellie Blackburn of Charles street are spending the summer at Port Sandfield, Muskoka.

Mr. John Clegg, of the Grenadiers' band, and family have gone to Europe for the vacation. On his return Mr. Clegg goes to Chicago to play at the concerts held under the auspices of the visiting bands.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Cauldwell and family have taken up their summer residence at Oakville.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Winnifrid and family, of Ontario street, have taken up their summer quarters by the lake shore at Oakville.

Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, the well known Canadian litterateur and lecturer, is in the city engaged in the examinations at the Normal School. Dr. O'Hagan's new volume of poems, *In Dreamland*, will appear in a few days, the publisher being the Williamson Book Company.

Mrs. Hamilton Merritt of St. George street gave a very delightful garden party last week which was attended by a large number of society people. The pretty grounds were lighted with Chinese lanterns and numbers of sylvan cosy corners echoed sweet nothings of gossip and compliment, as the balmy breath of evening wafted snatches of music, chatter and laughter to and fro.

Among the passengers on the *Sardinian*, which sailed July 15, were: The Governor-General and party; and Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy and maid, Mr. and Mrs. Donald McKay, Miss Lellie McKay, Mr. and Mrs. Begg, Mr. J. McDonald, Miss Rackham, Rev. Mr. Williams, Miss Elberly, Rev. J. Clelland, Mr. R. C. Vesconte and wife, Mr. Reid, Rev. Mr. Dawson and Mrs. Dawson, Rev. Mr. Smythe and Mr. Allen.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hodgson have returned from their wedding trip and will be at home to their friends at 32 Bellevue avenue on Thursday and Friday of next week, July 27th and 28th.

Captain R. Harding Stewart and Mrs. Stewart of Parry Sound, who have been spending three weeks in the city as the guests of Mrs. John O'Grady, have returned home.

Miss Maggie Baigent of 497 Sherbourne street has gone to spend her vacation at her sister's, Mrs. Harry Davis, beautiful summer residence, Maple Grove, near Chester, Vermont.

Dr. J. H. Cotton, Mrs. Cotton and two daughters left for a two weeks' visit to Muskoka on Thursday.

The Viola on Tuesday afternoon took out on

the lake her usual party of ladies and gentlemen. The cool breeze and a delightful sail were much enjoyed.

Mrs. Charles Brown of Isabella street and Mrs. Murdock left on Friday week for Penyan.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Taylor left on Tuesday morning for Mount Clemens, Mich.

Mrs. Andrew and Miss Jenny Smith leave next Wednesday for Montreal. Miss Jenny Smith will go to Germany for a year at school.

Mrs. Fraser Macdonald and family are at the Peninsular Park Hotel for the summer.

Miss Macbeth Milligan left for Muskoka yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hodgins are camping in Muskoka. On their return they will visit Mrs. Hodgins' parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hamilton.

Mrs. R. S. Neville and family are at the Sand Banks, as are also Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Peirson and family.

Mr. Brock has returned from a visit to England.

The Flower Show was a great attraction on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons and evenings. The Lieut. Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick attended for the purpose of opening the exhibition on Wednesday at four o'clock. A large party of the visiting railway men also attended and admired the graceful display of cut flowers, foliage, plants and fruits. Some choice orchids were shown. Among those who attended the show on Wednesday evening were: Mr. and Mrs. R. McMaster, Mr. and Mrs. Wyld, Mr. McLean Howard, Miss Howard, Mrs. and Miss Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hamilton Merritt, Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. Robert Gooderham, Mrs. Greenshields, Misses Phemie and Jennie Smith, Mrs. Christie, Mr. Brooke, Mr. Mrs., and Miss Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, the Misses Crawford, Mr. Brock, Mrs. Acheson, Rev. Charles and Mrs. Thompson, Mr. J. and Mrs. Small, Mr. James Beatty, Mr. Suckling, Mrs. J. F. Pringle and Miss Laidlaw, Mrs. Beard, and many others. The Queen's Own Band played a charming programme.

The little bird says: That American men never leave their wives at home when they exert. That if all the gentlemen would risk influenza and remove their hats in the Pavilion during conversation with ladies, it would look more chivalrous. That the gardeners and small boys had a good deal of the floor on Wednesday evening. That it is no use running to catch a trolley car. That the prettiest girl at the Flower Show belongs to the East End. That Miss Hague worked hard to beat Miss Osborne and some fine play was the result. That lady cyclists are multiplying and some smart costumes are worn by the debutantes. That Mrs. Whitehead is very graceful on the tennis court as well as elsewhere. That Grossmith is making fun of us. That a foreign visitor of rank gave his verdict for Toronto in her summer dress as the prettiest place he had seen in America. That he came here from Hamilton. That a dainty little Islander and a handsome society man are fiancées. That Grace Hospital is a lovely place to be an invalid in.

Mrs. Alexander Cameron presented the gold medal for highest standing in the vocal department at the College of Music, won by Miss Florence Brimson.

Mr. Frank Score leaves next week for Scotland.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Jackes are in Muskoka.

Ald. and Mrs. Orr left last Saturday for Sandy Beach, Muskoka, where they will spend a few days with Judge Mahaffy.

Mr. Walter Besant is at the Hotel Imperial, Chicago.

Signor D'Auria will spend his vacation at the Thousand Islands.

Mr. Edward Fisher left last Saturday for England.

Rev. Mr. Wallace of the Bloor street Baptist church left on July 10 to spend his vacation with parents and friends in Nova Scotia.

The trim steam yacht *Viola* carried a select party to Lorne Park on Saturday evening to attend the social hop.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. H. Massey were visited by many friends on Tuesday, July 11, who showered congratulations upon them on their having reached their fifth (wooden) wedding.

Continued on Page Twelve

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

FOR SUMMER WEAR

Silk and Linen Gloves our specialty.

Chamois Gloves in 4 button and Mosquetaire.

4 button Dressed and Undressed Kid Gloves, with fancy stitchings and welts to match.

We are selling the balance of our Summer Stock of

Dress Goods

Dress Trimmings

Ends of Silk

At a Great Reduction.

Pattern Hats and Bonnets Below Cost

WM STITT & CO.

11 and 13 King Street East.

Crown Derby

Royal Worcester

Doulton

PANTECHNETHECA

116 Yonge Street

Cor. Adelaide

Toronto

L. A. STACKHOUSE

Dealer in the best grades of AMERICAN BOOTS AND SHOES For Ladies and Children. New shoes for summer in special shades of Russia leather.

AMERICAN SHOE STORE 124 King St. West (opposite Ross House).

Dust

Is the enemy of Watches

Where do you get your's cleaned and repaired? It is essential to have your watch placed in competent hands (and we employ only such) otherwise your watch becomes a source of annoyance.

Damaged

Jewelry, Trinkets, Etc.

Get into trouble the same as other lines of merchandise. If you desire to have all your repairing well attended to at moderate prices BRING YOUR JOBBING TO

The J. E. Ellis Co.

LIMITED

Cor. King & Yonge Sts.

Nothing in our line is too trifling to receive our most careful attention.

I Picks Shaves Tongs C Filters Ice Cream Freezers E

LEMON SQUEEZERS

RICE LEWIS & SON

LIMITED

King Street East

TORONTO

Great Sale

OF

Silks

WITH OTHER

Dress Fabrics

Orders by mail receive prompt attention.

Printed Surah Silks

30 cents per yard

Printed Foulard Silks

50 cents per yard

SPECIAL LINES—Printed Challies, Delaines, Sateens, Cambrics, Ginghams and Lawns at Reduced Prices.

JOHN CATTO & SON

King Street, opposite the Post Office

Mr. and
delightful
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Walker, M.
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Out of Town.

Belleville.

Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Carman gave a most delightful outing to a large number of friends on their beautiful steam yacht, Carmona, on Monday of last week in honor of Miss McKenzie of Toronto. The party sailed down the bay as far as Glenora, where a most elaborate supper was served, after which the guests boarded the staunch little yacht and made for Massassaga park, where dancing was indulged in until a late hour. Mr. and Mrs. Carman were assisted in receiving their guests by their charming and pretty daughter, Miss Tillie. Among the guests present were: Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Biggar, Mr. and Mrs. Lyons Biggar, Mr. and Mrs. Hope, Mr. and Mrs. Clute, Mr. and Mrs. Pole, Dr. and Mrs. Ekins, Judge and Mrs. Lazier, Miss Emma Corby, Mr. and Mrs. Pope, Mr. Henry and Miss Thomas, Miss Maud Hamilton, Miss May Lingham, Miss Helen Corby, Miss Elliott, the Misses McDonald of Kingston, Miss Niblock of Denver, Mr. Arthur and Miss Clute, Miss Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lingham, and Messrs. McCannan, Stephen and Robert Lazier, Robert Elliott of Chicago, Harry Biggar, Cloyes of Brockville, Balleau of New York, Hughes of Toronto, Moss of Toronto, Hulme of Toronto, Butler, Dickson, Walker, Holden, Laidlaw, and D. McColl.

Belleville, the beautiful residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Hamilton, looked its best on Tuesday evening of last week, when Mrs. Hamilton gave a delightful tea to a large number of guests in honor of Mrs. J. Irvine Ashcroft of Montreal. The Belleville grounds are the finest in Belleville, and here, under the majestic maples, in the rookery, or on the spacious piazzas, the charming daughter of the house dispenses five o'clock tea to her large coterie of friends. On Tuesday evening the tables looked particularly nice, being most artistically decorated with *eau de Nile* silk and white roses.

On Wednesday evening Mrs. Elliott gave a large dancing party in honor of the Misses McDonald of Kingston and Mr. Elliott, one of Chicago's most promising young lawyers. The Elliott mansion was prettily decorated with sweet peas, roses and carnations, while prettily shaded lamps and candelabra dispersed here and there through the rooms cast a delightful radiance over the pretty, smiling faces of the many youthful guests. The Oldfellows' orchestra supplied the music for the dancing, which was kept up with zest and vigor until the wee sma' hours. Mrs. Elliott was ably assisted by Mrs. (Col.) Lazier, Mrs. Leitch and Miss Elliott. Among the guests were: Col. and Mrs. Lazier, Mrs. Leitch, the Misses McDonald of Kingston, Miss Helen Corby, Miss Lona Walker, Miss Hamilton, Miss Blanche Lazier, the Misses Dickson, Miss Annie Wallbridge, Miss Carman, Miss McKenzie of Toronto, Miss Belle Mathieson, Miss and Miss Irene Briznall, Miss Mary Clarke, Miss May Lingham, Miss Lulu Davy, Miss Fanny Newberry, Miss Bessie Stinson, Miss Eva Clute, Miss Ida Thomson; Messrs. Stephen and Robert Lazier, Dickson, Mathieson, Clute, Thomson, Elliott of Chicago, Chas. Clarke, Hulme of Toronto, Halliwell, Morden, McCannan, Robert Walker and Fralick. Mrs. Elliott wore a handsome black satin with jet trimmings; Mrs. (Col.) Lazier, an elegant crimson and green shot silk gown; Mrs. Leitch, black lace and roses; Miss Elliott, a pretty gown of salmon pink bengaline with trimmings of ruby velvet; the little Misses Elliott were dainty and sweet in Empire gowns of pale blue silk; the Misses McDonald were graceful guests in cream and pink silk; Miss Hamilton was her own pretty self in *eau de Nile* silk trimmed with old Irish lace and white roses; Miss Helen Corby was dainty in cream surah silk with white lace trimmings; Miss Lona Walker, Empire gown of pale blue silk; Miss Blanche Lazier's sweet face looked daintier than ever in a pretty gown of cream silk; the Misses Dickson were pretty quaint frocks of cream crepon; Miss Annie Wallbridge, cream silk with mauve trimmings; Miss May Lingham wore a chic gown of pale pink surah; Miss Carman was dainty in a pretty gown of *eau de Nile* silk trimmed with silver passementerie and cream lace; Miss McKenzie, one of Toronto's prettiest girls, wore a cream bengaline gown with lace trimmings; Miss Mathieson, white mull; Miss Irene Briznall, a pretty Empire gown with pink ribbons; Miss Clarke, white bengaline; Miss Lulu Davy, pale blue silk with white chiffon trimmings; Miss Newberry's brunette beauty was enhanced by a handsome mauve silk gown trimmed with mauve chiffon; Miss Bessie Stinson, pale blue Brussels net; Miss Oute, white Empire gown, while Miss Ida Thomson was dainty and sweet in canary silk.

Mrs. Keegan, mother of Miss Mary Keegan, the talented actress, spent a few days in town, the guest of Mrs. Terrill of Gallaudet cottage. Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Rathbun, Mr. and Mrs. John Ball and Miss Ethel Robertson returned home on Saturday after a three months' visit to England and the continent.

Mr. Stephen Boughton has also returned from a pleasant visit in England and Wales. Mr. T. P. J. Power, one of the popular and genial proprietors of the Q. Q. seen's, returned from New York on Friday.

Miss Brown of Victor, N.Y., is the guest of Mrs. Sullivan of Dundas street.

The marriage of Miss Blanche Wilson, eldest daughter of the late Dr. Wilson, to Dr. Rowan Kertland of Toronto, took place at St. Thomas's church on Saturday morning at 10.30. Owing to recent bereavement in the family the wedding was very quiet; only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties being present. The pretty bride wore a handsome traveling gown of pearl gray tweed with pretty hat to match, and was given away by her brother-in-law, Mr. John Murray, manager of the Dominion Bank. Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Kertland left for the Lower Provinces, where the honeymoon will be spent.

Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Forster, nee Edith Terrill, spent Sunday in the city on their return from their wedding trip.

On Friday afternoon of last week Mr. Harry Corby, M.P., gave a delightful outing to a large number of his friends on his staunch steam yacht, the Omata, and again on Saturday afternoon our handsome Harry and his charming and courteous wife stood

on the Omata's deck and welcomed some forty guests to the delights of a water party. Both parties sailed down the bay as far as Deseronto and returned to Massassaga park, where *recherche* suppers awaited them. The guests at Friday's outing were: Messrs. Parks, McCrudden, Falkner, Black, Ketcheson, Diamond, Moore, Green, Mykel, Dench, Dalmadge, Porter, Walmsley, Thompson, Reeves, Mills, Loudon, Thompson, Fairfield, McGuire, Harold, Andrews, Thomas, Cooper, Symons, Weese, Hayes, Finkle, Lattimer, Brown, Large, Wilson, Sinclair, Pope, Cornelius, Walton, Clarke, Palen and Hall. Those at Saturday's party were: Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Hamilton, Mr. Northrup, M.P., and Mrs. Northrup, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lingham, Mr. and Mrs. Strong of Winnipeg, Mr. and Mrs. Watt Thomson, the Misses Chandler, Miss Rose Benjamin, the Misses McDonald, Miss Proctor of Brighton, Miss Hamilton, Mr. Starling, Mrs. and Miss Niblock of Denver, Miss Bogart, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Neilson of Kansas, Miss Neilson, Mr. and Mrs. Brignall, and Mr. William Cummins of Montreal. Mr. and Mrs. Corby were assisted in receiving the guests by the Misses Corby.

Mrs. and Miss Starling are spending the hot months at Old Orchard Beach.

Miss Tillie Corby, the flower of the Corby family, graduated in the Teachers' course at the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

Mr. R. J. McCaulay spent Monday in the city. Miss Nellie Goodlove of Brooklyn, N.Y., Mr. Fred Hepburn and Messrs. McCaulay of Picton are in the city, the guests of Mrs. Jas. McCaulay of Dundas street.

BETSEY.

Brockville.

Miss Mary A. Smart of Moulton College, Toronto, is visiting her old home and will also visit Albany, N.Y., during her vacation.

Miss Jane Smart, secretary of the Y.W.C. T.U., Toronto, is visiting friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Evans of Hamilton were in town for a short visit last week.

Mrs. Boyson of Montreal has taken possession of her cottage at Fernbank for the summer.

Mrs. Frizell of Napanee is a guest of Mrs. Moorehouse of James street.

Mr. W. H. Dingle of Winnipeg, formerly the popular organist of the Wall street church, officiated at the organ on Sunday last. It is rumored he will officiate at the altar this week in a very interesting ceremony in which a popular young lady is also implicated, of which I hope to give you a full account in my next.

Mr. A. B. Broderick, manager Molson's Bank, Ottawa, spent Sunday and Monday in town fraternizing with old friends.

Mr. Harry Gates has returned from a trip to Central and South America.

About fifteen miles north of here lies Charleston Lake, noted over the continent for its pretty islands, picturesque shores and matchless fishing. Though visited by an army of local ninnyrds, as well as a host of outsiders, the "catch" keeps up. The following are among the late arrivals: Rev. Warren Styles, wife and maid, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Christopher of Jacksonville, Fla.; Mr. Paul S. Tumison and Mr. W. S. Santa of New York; also Mr. Cottrell of New York, who is an adept at deep-water fishing; his catch for five days was, sixteen, thirty, fourteen, seventeen and twenty, some of them weighing fifteen pounds.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Ross have gone to Peterboro' on a visit.

Mrs. C. W. and Miss Muriel Taylor leave for the seashore in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Storey have gone for a trip to the seashore.

Miss May Fitzsimmons has returned from Toronto, where she has been attending school. Miss Fitzsimmons was the proud winner of a solid gold bracelet given as a prize.

Mrs. C. B. Hayes of Ballarat, Australia, and Mrs. W. J. Spottiswood of San Francisco, are guests of Mrs. D. F. Hayes of James street.

Mr. Henry Starnes and daughter, of Montreal, are guests of Mrs. W. A. Reid.

The exigencies of party warfare are about to remove from our midst Mr. J. T. Ellis, U.S. Consul at this place. Mr. Ellis does not, more than the rest of us, regret his departure; the position has never been filled by a more affable or genial gentleman. Mrs. and Miss Ellis have made a host of friends during their stay here and they also will be greatly missed.

Miss Ella McMillan of Belleville is visiting friends in town.

Mrs. Wm. Sutherland and children left by steamer Ocean for Ingersoll to visit friends.

Mr. A. W. Fairbairn of Montreal spent Saturday and Sunday with friends here.

Our young townsman, Mr. C. W. F. Gorell, passed his medical "exam." at McGill College with first-class honors. Mr. Gorell expects to graduate in April next.

Our hustling scenic artist, Mr. A. L. Murray, has been successful in securing for the use of the R. & O. Nav. Co. at the World's Fair a splendid lot of island views, also steamers loaded with Christian Endeavorers passing through the islands.

Mr. George Taylor, M.P., of Gananoque was in town on Friday last week.



S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

Building Sale

MORE sorts, more loveliness than you ever saw in the Summer Goods of this house—twice over, may be, what you'll find in any other store.

Pongor Silks, over 50 shades, light and dark, best quality, 25¢.
22-inch Black China, 25¢.
22-inch Shot Silks, 35¢, were 50¢.
All silk Broadies, 25¢, were 50¢.
44-inch Roman and Solid Cord, 50¢, were 85¢.
Silk Striped Dress Goods, gray and fawn, 65¢, were 85¢.
Silk Mixtures, shot effects, 65¢, were 85¢.
Silk Spots, shot effects, 90¢, were 125¢.
44-inch German G-f-a Cloth, shot effect, silk mixtures, 85¢, were 125¢.
Dress Riches, silk mixtures, shot effects, 85¢, were 125¢.
110, were 125¢; 20, were 125¢.
All-wool Etamine Serge, 42-inch, 25¢.
Hemstitch Flouncing, 42-inch, 15¢, 20¢.
Lawn Flouncing; 3 inch hem and tucks, 15¢; regular price 20¢.
Lawn Flouncing, 3 inch hem and tucks, 25¢; regular price 35¢.
One-inch Tuck Flouncing, 20¢, worth 30¢.
Ladies' Silk and Lace Mitts, 15¢.
Ceylon Flannels, for summer costumes, 20¢.
Tapestry Carpet, extra value, 50¢.
Camping Bed, woven wire mattress, 15¢.

A strong feature of the Mail Order system is the promptness in filling orders.

R. SIMPSON

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen | Entrance Yonge Street.
Streets, Toronto. | Entrance Queen Street.
Stores Nos. 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street, and 1 and 3 Queen Street West.

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EMPRESS OF INDIA
LAKESIDE

Daily from Milloy's Wharf at 7.50 a.m. and 3.15 p.m. for Port Dalhousie, connecting with G.T.E. for ST. CATHARINES, points on the Welland division NIAGARA FALLS, BUFFALO, NEW YORK, and all points East and South; also at 7 p.m. for St. Catharines only.
Tickets at all G.T.E. and principal ticket offices and on wharf. For excursion rates and general information, apply at Head Office on Milloy's Wharf or Telephone 200.

Niagara River Line

4 TRIPS DAILY

CHICORA and CIBOLA

COMMENCING THURSDAY, JUNE 1

Will leave Odder Wharf daily (except Sunday) at 7 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m. and 4.45 p.m. for Niagara, Queenston and Lewiston, connecting with New York Central, Michigan Central Railways and Niagara Falls Park and River Electric Road—the shortest route to Falls, Buffalo, New York and all points east.
Tickets at all principal offices and on wharf.
JOHN FOY, Manager.

HAMILTON STEAMBOAT CO.

MACASSA and MODJESKA

FROM GEORGE'S WHARF

FOUR TRIPS EACH WAY DAILY

Leave TORONTO 7.30 and 11 a.m., and 3.15 p.m.
Leave HAMILTON 7.45 and 10.45 a.m., 2.15 and 5.30 p.m.
Call at Oakville, weather permitting.
J. B. GRIFITH, Manager. F. ARMSTRONG, Agent.

LORNE PARK

Steamer GREYHOUND

THREE TRIPS DAILY

Leave Milloy's Wharf, 10 a.m., 2 and 5.15 p.m. Leave Park at 11.30 a.m., 4 and 7 p.m. Extra trip on Wednesdays and Saturdays. City 8.15 p.m., and Park 9.30 p.m.
Very Cheap Rates for Excursions During August
Apply—PETER MCINTYRE, 87 York Street.
FRED ROPER, 2 Toronto Street.

Special Excursion

BY THE THOROUGHLY MODERN
S.S. MARIPOSA
OF THE BEAVER LINE

For particulars apply to—

Barlow Cumberland Agency
77 Yonge Street, Toronto

Take the Old Reliable and Popular

CUNARD

S. S. LINE
EUROPE

Agent also for Allan, State, Dominion, Beaver, Hamburg, Netherlands, and French Lines.
N. E. Corner King and Yonge Sts.
A. F. WEBSTER

RED STAR LINE

Belgian Royal and U. S. Mail Steamers
New York to Antwerp and Paris Wednesdays and Saturdays. Highest-class steamers with palatial equipment. Excursion tickets valid to return by Red Star Line from Antwerp, or American Line from London, Southampton or Havre. Ask for "Facts for Travelers."

BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Agent
77 Yonge Street, Toronto

are guests of Mrs. Heman Shepherd, Market street.

Mr. L. Hamilton of the I.R. is in town.
Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Powell of New York are guests of Mr. John Waters.

Mr. J. W. Tims of the Bank of Montreal, Chatham, wife and family are guests of Mrs. Robert Fitzsimmons.

Mrs. F. E. and Miss Edith Fairbairn are visiting friends in Toronto.
The Hon. C. F. Fraser wore a radiant smile the other day while showing a 28th masknongie he was successful in landing with a light silk line.



For Choice Patterns...

Sterling Silver
After Dinner Coffee Spoons
Souvenir Spoons and Novelties

In fact for everything in Silverware visit the Salesrooms of

The TORONTO SILVER PLATE CO.

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E. G. GOODERHAM, Manager

JNO. C. COPP, Sec.-Treas.

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Dominion Bank Buildings,
Corner College Street and Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

MILLINERY AND DRESSMAKING

Having leased the premises recently occupied by the late MISS MORRISON, I have opened the same with an entirely new stock, comprising all the latest designs in

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The Dressmaking Department under my own supervision.

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Ladies' Evening Gowns and Empire Effects a Specialty
High class costuming after French and American measurements.

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Lovely new shoes in White and Colored Canvas. New shades of Tan Oxfords and Lace Boots. Beautiful goods. Reduced prices.

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J. D. KING CO., Ltd.

79 King St. East.

LIFE IS TOO SHORT TO

punish your feet by wearing shoes that do not fit. Our Shoes are famous. Our Styles are captivating. Our Qualities are enduring. Our Fit is perfection. Our prices are reasonable. Examine our English Oxfords, Blucher Oxfords, Russia Tan Goat, Tan Goat, White Canvas, Brown Canvas and Red Goat Oxfords. 30 p. c. discount off all Red Shoes in Ladies' sizes.

H. & C. BLACKFORD
83 to 89
King Street East
Toronto

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BOOT AND SHOE HOUSE

FOR YOUR
LAWN TENNIS AND BICYCLE SHOES

American and Canadian makers, at rock bottom prices

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From Milloy's Wharf, Commencing

Saturday, 10th, Wednesday, 14th, at 2 p.m. and regular double trips daily on and after SATURDAY, JUNE 17th, at 11 a.m. and 5 p.m. Extra trips in July and August. Low rates for EXCURSIONS AND PIC-NICS. Special pavilions, conveniences and privileges. Moonlight per GARDEN CITY arranged to this lovely resort. Secure cabins. W. E. CORNELL, Mgr., 84 Church street, N.E.—Hotel open, 25 and 35 per week. Cottage to rent.

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IS THE VERDIOT

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All Those Who Have Used the

STANDARD

DRESS BONES

The steel is extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior saten. Can be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends, or become detached.

Ask for Them

They are the Best

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All the Leading Retail Dry Goods Merchant Throughout the Dominion

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Recommended for Fashionable and Real Hair Goods of superior finish and quality. Specialty for making HAIR GOODS to order. Ladies' Fashionable Hair Dressing. Ladies' Hair Trimming, Singeing and Shampooing. Hair colored any shade or color.
PERFUMES—Fine French Extractions for Handkerchiefs and Toilet Soaps of superior quality only.
Ladies and Gentlemen's Manicure and Face Steaming Parlor. Appointments should be made. Telephone 2488.
ARMAND'S HAIR AND PERFUMERY STORE
Cor. Yonge and Carlton Sts., Toronto, Ont.

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Ladies, we have just imported a large stock of first quality Cut Hair, and are prepared to sell at lowest prices. Switches from \$1 upwards. Bangs from \$1 upwards. All of finest quality natural curly hair and any shade. Ladies' Hair treated with rose leaves or other bloom. Ladies' Hair dressed in latest styles for Weddings, "Shakes," etc.
Dyeing and Bleaching
A full line of ornaments in latest designs.

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CLEARING SALE OF

Bags 75c up.

Switches \$1

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Plain Fronts \$2

All Goods at Bottom Prices

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Indian and Ceylon

The most delicious Teas on the market.

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THE STORY OF A WOMAN.

By G. MANVILLE FENN

Author of "Black Blood," "The Parson of Dumfries," "The Master of the Ceremonies," "A Mint of Money," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

THE NEWS SPREADS.

"If I have sinned," muttered Armstrong, as he leaned back in his chair, for when from time to time he tried to walk about, a painful sensation of giddiness seized upon him. "I am having a foretaste of my punishment. How long he is—how long he is!"

But still Leronde did not come, and to occupy his mind the sufferer sat and thought out a plan for their journey, which he concluded would mean a cab to Liverpool street, then the express to Harwich, the boat to Ostend; next where the seconds waited, and afterwards—

"What?" said the wretched man with a strange smile. "Ah, who knows? If it could only be oblivious—rest from all misery and despair!"

He rose to try and write a letter or two, notably one to Cornel, but the effort was painful, and he crept back to his chair.

"She will know—she will divine—that I preferred to die," he muttered. "Ah, at last! Why, he has been here."

For there was a step outside, and then the door was thrown open as he lay back with his aching eyes closed by his hand.

"Come at last then," he sighed; and the next moment he started, for the studio door was banged to, and locked.

"Yes, I've come at last," cried Pacey, thrusting his hands into his pockets and striding up to stand before him with his legs far apart.

"Well, then, shake hands and go," said Armstrong quietly. "I am not well. I've had an accident."

"Accident!" roared Pacey. "Yes, you have had an accident, the same as a man has who goes and knocks his head against a wall."

"What do you mean?" cried Armstrong, starting.

"Mean? I mean that you're the biggest fool that fortune ever pampered and spoiled."

"Joe Pacey!"

"Hold your tongue, idiot, and listen to me. Here you are gifted by nature with ten times the brains of an ordinary man; you can paint like Raphael or Murillo; fame and fortune are at your feet; and you have the love waiting for you of one of the sweetest, most angelic women who ever stepped this earth."

"Pacey!"

"Hold your tongue, boy! Haven't I been like a father to you ever since you came into this cursed village? Haven't I devoted myself to you as soon as I saw you were a good fellow, full of genius? I'm a fool to say so, but in my wretched, wrecked life, I felt that I'd found something to live for at last, and that I could be proud and happy in seeing you, who are as much an Englishman as I am in blood, rise to the highest pitch of success; while, if you got proud then and forgot me, it wouldn't matter; I could afford it, for you had achieved success."

"You've been a good, true adviser to me, Joe, ever since I have known you."

"And you have turned out the most ungrateful dog that ever appeared to be this: I've no more morals than a mahatistick. You had everything man could wish for, and then you must kick it all over and break the heart of an angel."

"Let her rest. Say what you like to bully me, Joe. It's all true. I don't fight against it. But you can't understand it all. Say what you like, only go and leave me. I want to be alone."

"Do you?" cried Pacey excitedly. "Then I don't want you to be. Say the Conte gave you that crack on the head, did he?"

"What?" cried Armstrong, springing up.

"How came you to think that?"

"How came I to think that? Why, I was told by a chattering French ape."

"Leronde? Told you?"

"Of course he did. Came to me to be your other second."

"The idiot! Where is he?"

"Locked up where he'll stay till I let him loose."

Armstrong used a strong expression.

"And so we must have a duel, must we? Go out to Belgium to fight this Italian organ-grinder. Curse him and his Jeezabel of a wife!"

"Silence, man!" cried Armstrong excitedly.

"Pacey, no more of this. Where is Leronde? He must be set free at once. My honor is at stake."

"His what?" cried Pacey, bursting into a roar of ironical laughter. "My God! His honor! Why, you audacious dog, you talk to me of honor and dueling, and all that cursed, sickly, contemptible code that ought to have been buried and buried, and wondered at by as a relic of the dark ages—you talk to me of that? Why, do you know what it means? First and foremost, murdering Cornel Thorpe, for, as sure as heaven's above us, that organ man will shoot you like the dog you are, and in killing you he'll kill that poor girl. I swear it. She can't help it. She gave her love to you, poor lassie, and she's the kind of woman who loves once and for all. There's the first of it. As for you, well, the best end of you is that you should be buried at once, out of the way, as you would be if I let you go to meet this man."

"If you let me?" cried Armstrong.

"Yes; if I let you; for I won't. Why, you're mad. That Jeezabel has turned your brain, and I'll have you in a strait waistcoat, and then in a padded room, before I'll let you go to save your honor and his. Ha! ha! His honor! The Italian greyhound. He never took any notice of his wife till he found that she had a lover, but was after as many light-famed creatures as there are cards in the devil's books. Then—his honor! Ha! ha!—his honor! Why, the whole gang of French and Italian monkeys never knew what honor is, and never will. Now then, I said I'd thrash you, and I have. I only wish Dellatoria had nearly fractured your skull so as to make you an invalid for six months. Look here, I've locked up Leronde, and if the Conte comes here I'll kick him downstairs."

"You are mad. I must meet him," said Armstrong sternly.

"I'm not mad, and you sha'n't meet him."

"You mean well, Pacey, but it is folly to go on like this. Run back and set Leronde at liberty."

"I'm going to do what I like, not what you like," cried Pacey fiercely, pulling out a knife; "and first of all, I'll finish that cursed picture. He swung the great easel round, and in a few minutes had slashed the canvas to ribbons and torn it from the frame."

"There's an end of that," he roared.

"So much the better," said Armstrong, who had looked on unmoved.

"Oh, you like that, then," cried Pacey.

"You're coming round."

"Now go," said Armstrong, "and end this folly."

"You'll swear first of all that you will not meet this man."

"I'll swear I will," said Armstrong coldly.

"He'll shoot you dead."

"I hope so."

"Armstrong, lad, listen to me," said Pacey.

"You'll be sensible."

"Yes."

"And give it up! For poor Cornel's sake."

"Silence, or you'll drive me really mad."

"Now then, get your hat and come with me."

"Will you go?"

"Will you come with me?"

"Look here," said Armstrong. "I can bear no more. I want to be cool and act like a man."

to the end, but you are pushing me to the very brink. Will you go?"

"Yes," said Pacey, buttoning up his coat. "I'm off now, boy."

"Where?"

"Straight to the police. I'll swear a breach of the peace against you both, and have you seized or bound over or something. This meeting sha'n't take place. For Cornel's sake—do you hear! For her sake, so there!"

He strode to the door, unlocked it, and opened and banged it behind him, while Armstrong stood thinking what course he ought to pursue, while Pacey went straight away, not to the police, but to Thorpe's hotel, where he told the doctor how matters stood.

"I don't know what you are to do, sir," cried Thorpe. "I wash my hands of the whole business. He has behaved horribly to my poor sister, and turned her brain. Let him go and be shot."

"Likely," growled Pacey. "Nice Christian advice to give. Why, it would kill her."

"Not it. She has too much womanly determination in her, poor girl. But I can do nothing. She has been to him again and again in opposition to my wishes; forgotten all her woman's dignity."

"To try and save your old schoolfellow, her lover."

"Bah! She has cast him off, sir, as the scoundrel deserved."

"Not she," said Pacey. "She loves him still in spite of all, and in time she would forgive him. If he behaved like a man."

"Not if I can prevent it," retorted Thorpe. "She shall not forgive him."

"Well, sir," said Pacey. "I have not come to dispute with you about that. He almost your brother and she is in deadly peril of his life. That Italian has challenged him; they will fight, as sure as we stand here, and the malignant, spiteful scoundrel will shoot Armstrong like a dog."

"Nonsense! What can he care for such a wife?"

"Nothing; but his honor is at stake."

"His honor!" cried Thorpe contemptuously. "Exactly so. What such men call their honor, Armstrong will evade me somehow, and go off to Belgium I am sure; and if he does, he'll care less of his own life now in his despair, misery and degradation than he will never come back alive."

"Pish!"

"It is a fact, sir. I have heard that Dellatoria is deadly with sword or pistol, and he has been out before. Good heavens! Miss Thorpe; are you there?"

"Yes," said Cornel slowly, as she came forward from the door leading into an inner room. "I have heard every word."

CHAPTER XXVII.

LISTEN TO AN M. D.

What to do? Leronde a prisoner; Pacey threatening legal steps. He must go somehow. The only way open appeared to be this: he must leave London at once, telegraphing to the Conte that he had gone on and would meet him and his friends at the principal hotel in Ostend.

Armstrong, after much mental struggling, had come to this decision, when there was a knock at the door.

"Too late," he muttered. Then aloud, "Come in!" and Keren-Happuch entered.

"If you please, sir, there's—Show them up."

"Please, sir, it ain't them; it's her."

"What?" he cried, starting. "Whom do you mean?"

"Her in the thick veil, sir, as come before."

"Great heavens!" panted Armstrong; and his brain seemed to reel. "No, I cannot—I will not see her."

"M I to tell her so, sir?" cried the girl joyfully, "and send her away?"

"Yes, I'll go no farther," he muttered. "Send her away at once."

The girl turned to the door, but, as she twisted the handle, it moved, and the door was pushed against her, and as she gave way, the closely veiled and cloaked figure walked slowly into the room.

Armstrong turned savagely upon Keren-Happuch.

"Go!" he said sharply. "The girl as she went out. 'Men can't keep to their words, and it's very hard on us poor girls.'"

Armstrong stood facing his visitor as the door closed, and then the giddiness came over him again, and he staggered to a chair, dropped into it, and his head fell upon his hand.

"How could you be so mad?" he groaned. "Go back to your husband; we shall never meet again. Woman, you have been a curse to me and ruined my poor life. But there, I will not reproach you."

He closed his eyes, for his senses nearly left him, and his visitor stood gazing sadly down at him not a yard away.

"I suppose you will despise me," he groaned, "but I cannot help that. You will think that I ought to hold to you now and save you from your husband's anger. But I can do nothing. Broken, conscience-stricken, if ever poor wretch was in despair it is I. There, for God's sake go back to him. He will forgive you as I ask you to forgive me. We must never meet again."

He paused and then went on as if she had just spoken something which coincided with his thoughts.

"You will despise me and think me weak, but I am near the end, and I do not shrink from speaking and telling you that I go to meet you, and save you from the knowledge that I have broken the heart of as pure and true a woman as ever breathed."

A low pitiful sigh came from behind the veil. "Don't, for heaven's sake, don't now. It is all over; the mad comedy is played out—all but the last scene. Try and forget it all, and go, with the knowledge that his life is safe for me, for I will not raise my hand against him, that I swear."

He uttered a low moan, for the place seemed strange to him, and his words far distant and as if spoken by someone else. Incipient delirium was creeping to assaill his brain, and in another minute he would have been quite insensible; but a hand was laid upon his shoulder and the touch electrified him, making him spring wildly from his seat with a cry.

"No, no," he cried passionately, and with his eyes flashing, "slave to you no more. I tell you, woman, all is over between us. For the few hours left me, let me be in peace."

The veil was slowly drawn aside, and he clasped his hands to his temples and bent forward, gazing at her.

"Cornel!" he muttered. "—Cornel!—No, no! It is a dream."

He shook his head and passed his hand across his eyes to try and sweep away the mist that was gathering in his brain.

"No, no," he muttered again in a low tone; "a dream—a dream."

"No," came softly to his ears, "it is not a dream, Armstrong. It is I—Cornel."

"Why have you come?" he cried, roused by her words, and staggering up to grasp the mantel-piece and save himself from falling.

"To try and save you from falling."

"Armstrong, you are going to fight this man?"

"You do not say it. Armstrong—brother—companion of my childhood—you must not,

you shall not do this wicked thing. Think of it. Your life against his. The shame—the horror of the deed."

He laughed softly.

"I have sinned enough," he said. "He will not fall. The sin be less if you let him in your despair take his enemy's life. This is madness, Armstrong, you cannot—you shall not go."

He was silent.

"What am I to say to you again?" she pleaded. "You are like stone. Must I humble myself to you once more, and cast off all a woman's modesty and dignity? Armstrong, weak, doting as it is, I tell you I forgive you, dear, only promise me that you will not go."

He passed his hand across his eyes as he clung to the shelf to keep himself from falling, and said in a low, dreamy voice:

"An insult to you—a degradation to me to take your pardon. No! and once more, no! Now, if you have any feeling for me, leave me to myself, for I have much to do."

"You will prepare to go?"

He remained stubbornly silent with his eyes half closed.

"Then," she cried passionately, as she saw him sway gently to and fro as if prior to falling helpless upon the floor. "I will save you in spite of all. You shall not give away your life like this. You are weak, half-delirious and cannot command even your thoughts. You shall not go."

He opened his eyes widely, and it was as if it took some moments for him to grasp her words. Then, with a little laugh, he said softly:

"How will you stop me, Cornel?"

"I would sooner see you dead."

"Well then—dead—dead—at rest. Why not? You are mistress of all his secrets—of all his drugs—why not? I have injured you; kill me now, at once!"

"Are you really mad, Armstrong?" she said, looking at him wonderingly.

"Yes—I suppose so—my head swims. But it is time to go."

"Go—go where?" she cried excitedly.

He uttered a low sigh and his head as he cast it again, but the vertigo increased.

She started and looked wildly round with her eyes flashing, and a strangely set look of determination came over her face as she took a step to a table upon which stood a carafe of water and a glass, which she rapidly filled.

She started and looked wildly round with her eyes flashing, and a strangely set look of determination came over her face as she took a step to a table upon which stood a carafe of water and a glass, which she rapidly filled.

"Armstrong!" she cried, but he did not hear her. "Armstrong!"

She shook him, and he sprang up, fully roused now.

"Giddy from the blow."

He took a step or two to the side, and caught the back of the chair.

"You are going?" she said mockingly.

"He looked at her sharply.

"You will not go," she said. "It is all a brag of the boast, to hide the cowardice in your heart."

"What?" he cried wildly.

"A man who is going to fight does not tell his friends for fear they should stop him."

"No," he groaned. "I'm not myself. What have I said?"

"Coward's words," she cried, "to frighten a weak girl. You bade me poison you to end your miserable life."

"I—I said that?" he cried. "Well, why not?"

"Why not?" she said, gazing at him fixedly.

"Why not? Look, then."

He bent forward, wondering as he struggled with the fit that was coming on again, while she took a bottle from the little satchel hanging from her wrist, snatched out the stopper, and poured a portion of its contents into the glass.

"There!" she cried triumphantly. "The test. Poison—one of our strongest drugs. Are you brave enough to drink it?"

He took a step forward, seized the glass, tottered for a moment, and let a little splash over the side on to the floor. Then, drawing himself up, he placed the vessel to his lips and drained it—the last drop seeming to scald his throat, and making him drop the tumbler and clasp his hands to his lips.

Then, in a second, he thrust out his hands again, as if feeling, like one suddenly struck blind, for something to save himself from falling. A moment later he lurched suddenly, his legs gave way beneath him, and he sank heavily upon the floor.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TWO WOMEN'S LOVE.

A woman with the fierce, lurid look of a tigress in her dark eyes, and her action as lithe and elastic, paced up and down her bed-room hour after hour. Now she threw herself upon a couch in utter exhaustion, but anon sprang up again to resume the hurried walk to and fro.

As she went to the door to open it and listen, for it was secured only by the locks and bolts of the Grundy patent, Dellatoria, in spite of his newly awakened jealous rage, feeling that his wife would join him in keeping the servants in ignorance of their terrible rupture.

He closed his eyes, for his senses nearly left him, and his visitor stood gazing sadly down at him not a yard away.

"I suppose you will despise me," he groaned, "but I cannot help that. You will think that I ought to hold to you now and save you from your husband's anger. But I can do nothing. Broken, conscience-stricken, if ever poor wretch was in despair it is I. There, for God's sake go back to him. He will forgive you as I ask you to forgive me. We must never meet again."

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He uttered a low moan, for the place seemed strange to him, and his words far distant and as if spoken by someone else. Incipient delirium was creeping to assaill his brain, and in another minute he would have been quite insensible; but a hand was laid upon his shoulder and the touch electrified him, making him spring wildly from his seat with a cry.

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The veil was slowly drawn aside, and he clasped his hands to his temples and bent forward, gazing at her.

"Cornel!" he muttered. "—Cornel!—No, no! It is a dream."

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"No, no," he muttered again in a low tone; "a dream—a dream."

"No," came softly to his ears, "it is not a dream, Armstrong. It is I—Cornel."

"Why have you come?" he cried, roused by her words, and staggering up to grasp the mantel-piece and save himself from falling.

"To try and save you from falling."

"Armstrong, you are going to fight this man?"

"You do not say it. Armstrong—brother—companion of my childhood—you must not,

she paused again as she heard a low buzz of voices in the library, and then walked quickly to the door, passed out, and hurried up the wide street, breathing freely as she felt that she had been unobserved.

Not quite. Ladies in large establishments like the observation of many eyes, and Valentina had no sooner begun to descend the stairs than a white cap was thrust out from the door of a neighboring room, and the eyes beneath it were immediately after looking down the great staircase, while a pair of ears indicated as they listened till the front door was heard to close.

The next minute the wearer of the cap was in the bed and dressing-rooms, gazing at the empty jewel-cases, noting the absence of the bag, cloak and bonnet, even to the veil; and then came the low ejaculation of the one word, "Well!"

The Abigail ran down the back stairs and made her way into the hall just in time to meet the butler returning from ushering out the Conte's two friends, who had been closeted with him, consulting as to what proceedings should be taken, as there had been no appearance put in by the other side.

The butler heard the lady's maid's hurried communication, nodded sagely, and said orally that he wasn't a bit surprised. Then he coughed to clear his voice, waved the maid away, closed the door after her, and entered the library and whispered what he had heard.

The Conte did not even change countenance. "Stop all tattling amongst the servants," he said. "Her ladyship is not well—a strange seizure to-day. It must be past the dinner hour."

The butler bowed.

"Let it be served at once."

The butler bowed again and went out suddenly.

The moment he was alone, a sharp grating sound was heard, and a strange look came over the Conte's face as he hastily opened a cabinet, took something from a drawer and placed it in his breast pocket. Then, hurrying upstairs, he satisfied himself that the truth he had heard and decided to look his hat from the stand and went out quietly, unheard even by the servants.

Meanwhile, Valentina had disappeared, and walked straight to the studio.

The street door was ajar, for Keren-Happuch had just gone into the next street to post a letter at the pillar, so the closely veiled woman passed in unseen and went upstairs, stood for a few moments listening and then softly entered.

She uttered a low sigh of relief, glad to have entered the place which, for a moment, felt to her like a refuge.

It was many hours since she had been surprised there by her husband and Lady Grayson, but to her then it seemed only a few minutes before, and she looked round the great dim room quickly, with a smile upon

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little room to
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she cried,
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the Contessa
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The studio with its many casts seemed to per-
form a ghastly dance round her, and she felt as
if this were some horrible nightmare. Then
the deathly sickness passed off, and she cried
wildly to the Conte, who did not even seem
conscious of her presence.

"Oh, heaven! What have you done?"
Her piteous appeal made him start back into
consciousness, and with a hasty motion he
hurled something across the studio, where it
fell with a tinkling metallic sound.

"I-I struck her," he gasped in a harsh,
cracked voice. "I loved her—ah, how I loved
her! And she was false. Look; she had even
robbed me and fled with all her jewels to him.
See, where they lie scattered upon his floor.
Ah, signora," he cried passionately, and grow-
ing more and more Italian in his excitement,
"I poured out wealth at her feet. There was
nothing I would not have done to gratify her;
for I loved her—I loved her. Dio mio, how I
loved!"

"Hush!" cried Cornel, recovering herself
somewhat in the presence of suffering and
danger, her medical education asserting itself.
"Go quickly and call help. Send for a surgeon."
"No, no," he cried excitedly, as his face
blanched with dread. "If I call, it means the
police, and—oh horror! They will say I have
murdered her."

"Man!" cried Cornel in disgust at his
sudden display of selfishness, "have you no
feeling? Is this your love? Quick! your
handkerchief. Mine too; take it from my
pocket. God help me and give me strength,"
she whispered as her busy fingers stanching
the wound by closing the cut. Then, as the
Conte stood looking on, trembling like a leaf,
she bade him fetch a large wide lotah from
where it stood upon a bracket, pour water into
it from the carafe, and place it upon the floor
beside the wounded woman's head.

And as she knelt there all hatred and horror
of the beautiful woman passed away. It was
an erring sister and sufferer for sin, bleeding
to death, and knowing how precious minutes
were at such a time she tore up the handker-
chiefs and portions of the Contessa's attire, as
with skilled hands she checked the bleeding
and securedly bandaged the wound.
She was so intent upon her work that after
he had obeyed her orders she was hardly con-
scious of the Conte's presence, while he, after
watching her acts for some minutes, suddenly
looked around, startled by some sound which
penetrated to where they were. Then, trem-
bling visibly, he began to examine the front of
his clothes, passing his hands over them and
examining his palms for traces of the deed,
but finding none.

Then a fresh thought struck him, and after
keenly watching Cornel, if he noticed the
action, he crept on tip-toe to a miserable
bunt, decrepit-looking figure—to where the
tinkling sound had been heard, picked up a
little ivory-handled stiletto, examined its blade
in the faint light, with his back to the group
by the inner room door, and, catching up a
piece of Moorish scarf, wiped it quickly and hid
the weapon in his breast pocket.

Then creeping on tip-toe to the studio door,
he listened, his face full of abject fear, and
hearing nothing, he turned the key.

He glanced toward Cornel, whose back was
toward him, as she busily went on with her
task, hiding, too, his wife's face from him by
her position.

Hesitating for a moment or two, he then
drew a deep breath and crossed softly to where
the bag lay open with some of the glittering
jewels still hanging to its edges, great strings
of pearls and a necklace of diamonds.

These he hurriedly thrust back, and then
went quickly and silently about, picking up
rings, bracelets, brooches and tiaras of emerald,
ruby, diamond and sapphire, till, with a sigh of
satisfaction, he closed the morocco bag, the
fastening giving forth a loud snap.

"Is she dead?" he whispered; and his
lips were so close to Cornel's ear that she start-
led round and let fall the wrist upon whose
pulse her fingers were pressed.

"No," she whispered. "I have stanching
the wound till you get proper help, but I
fear internal bleeding."

At that moment there was a piteous sigh,
followed by a low moan, and the beautiful
dark eyes opened to gaze vacantly for a few
moments. Then intelligence came into them
as they rested upon Cornel, who was now bend-
ing over her.

"Ah," she said softly, as her hand felt
Cornel's, which was laid upon her brow, "you?
God for evil; and she drew Cornel's hand to
her lips and kissed it. "Forgive me," she
whispered. "I loved him so."

A curiously harsh, low cry escaped from the
Conte, who literally writhed in jealous agony,
and Valentina turned her eyes upon him
where he stood dimly seen as if looking at her
from out of a mist.

"You there!" she said bitterly, as Cornel
once more grasped her wrist. "Well, are you
satisfied? You have killed my body, as you
killed my love, when, as a young innocent girl
I was sold to you for your wealth and title, and
heaven knows I would have tried to be your
true, loving wife."

"O, Valentina! my beautiful—my own!" he
groaned; and she stooped to take her hand.

"Pah! don't touch me," she cried hoarsely;
and she raised the hand she had snatched
away, and pointed to the bag he held. Take
them to your mistresses whose smiles you
have always bought. Let me die in peace."

"No, no; live," he cried.

"To save you from the punishment you
merit," she whispered scornfully.

"No, no; to be my dearest love and wife
again. Let us go back to sunny Italy, away
from all this miserable city."

"Too late," she said sadly. "You should
have said that years ago."

"For pity's sake don't speak," whispered
Cornel.

"Why not, little doctor?" said Valentina
softly. "Better say, 'I was not all bad,
dear. I loved him before I knew of you. How
could I help looking on you with jealous hate?
Let me kiss you once—before I go. Be loving
to him and forgive him—it was all my fault—
tell me you will forgive him—when I am gone!"

"With all my heart," said Cornel softly;
and she bent down to press her lips to those
of the suffering woman, while the tears over-
ran her brimming eyelids and her heart swelled
with pity for one so deeply punished for her
sin.

But as if the Contessa recollected the scene
of a short time before she thrust the gentle
face away before lips touched lips, and with a
loud cry.

"No, no; I had forgotten. I remember now.
How could you be so base! No; don't touch
me. I will see him once again. Armstrong!
my love—my own."

She dragged herself over and began to crawl
to the door, when the Conte's face became con-
vulsed with passion once more, his hand
sought his breast, the bag fell to the ground,
and with an oath he cried:

"Then he is in there—in hiding."

Springing over the crawling figure, he dashed
into the room, and as Valentina uttered a
piteous moan the Conte flung open the bed-room
door.

"Dog!—Coward!" he yelled, and then
stopped petrified at the sight of the motionless
figure upon the bed, till the door swung to be-
tween them, and he thrust back the little
blade, and came stealthily out muttering softly
to himself and bent over his wife, insensible to
all that passed.

He was trembling violently now.

"I did not know," he muttered to Cornel.
"I struck him when I found them together,
but I did not know. I—I must go away.
Your laws are bad. An affair of honor. Will
—will she die too?"

"I cannot say," replied Cornel coldly.
"She must have better surgical help. I am
only a nurse."

"Yes," he said hastily. "Better help. A
great surgeon. She must not die. I will get a
carriage and take her away."

"It would be dangerous to move her,"
he muttered. "Then aloud: 'It must be risked,
madam. But listen. You are his friend?'"

"Yes," he said.

"This is a terrible misfortune, but a private
matter—not for the police. You will tell
them how—by accident—I struck my wife?"

"No," said Cornel, after a pause; and a shud-
der ran through her.

"Hah! Then the law need not meddle with
what was a private quarrel—a mistake. My
wife is dead, and you who are so good
and beautiful and pure, you shall be silent and
—one moment."

He fumbled with the clasp of the bag he had
picked up, opened it, and as Cornel's brows
contracted with horror he searched within
and drew out a magnificent diamond and sap-
phire bracelet.

"Hah!" he cried. "You will wear that for
both our sakes, and be silent, and blind to the
past."

"I will be silent and blind for the sake of the
man I loved," she said to herself as she thrust
back the jewel and shook her head.

"But you will not tell!" he said.

"No, sir; your secret is safe."

The Conte uttered a sigh of satisfaction,
threw back the bracelet and closed the bag
with a snap, while Cornel eyed him with dis-
trust.

"Do you intend to risk removing this lady?"
"Certainly," he said firmly; "it must be
done. Lock the door after me," he whispered
as he crossed the studio.

Cornel followed and obeyed, listening to his
descending steps. Then, returning to where
Valentina lay insensible, she satisfied herself
of the security of the bandages and once more
felt her pulse.

"If there is no internal bleeding she will live.
Yes, I will forgive you. Some day you may
know the truth. And then? Ah, who can
tell?"

She bent down and kissed the broad fore-
head, and knelt there for a few moments before
rising and going quickly into Armstrong's bed-
room to gaze at him for a minute, and then re-
turn, carefully closing after her both the doors.

She kept her vigil there for a few minutes
before there were steps again, and a soft tap at
the door.

She admitted the Conte.

"I have a carriage waiting, and a man here
to help," he said.

"I am not clever and experienced," said Cor-
nel anxiously. "Let a doctor see her first."

"For answer the Conte gave her a quick nod.
"It is secrecy, is it not?"

"Oh yes, but—"

"The best London can give," he whispered.
"When I have her back at home. And you
understand that was nonsense which I said
about striking him."

The bag was on his arm with his hand pushed
far through as he went back to the door and
signaled to a man to come in. Then seeing
that this removal was inevitable, Cornel rapidly
replaced the cloak well round the insensible
figure and re-arranged the head.

"Don't—don't waste time," said the Conte
impatiently, and signing to the man the latter
bent down and lifted the motionless figure as
easily as if it had been a child.

"Be careful, my friend," whispered the Conte.
"A sad accident. Be careful. Mind."

He opened the door for the man to pass
through, and Cornel followed them to listen to
the heavy descending steps till all was silent.
Then came the rattle of wheels, and she knew
that they were gone.

Closing the door of the studio she walked
across it, dropped upon her knees and clasped
her hands.

"Have I done rightly?" she murmured. "I
don't know. It seems like madness now." Then
a weary sigh as she laid her head against
the door leading to the chamber, "What I
have suffered for your sake!"

him. But there, perhaps it was right; and
anyhow, you have saved him."

"You think he will recover now?" she cried
eagerly.

"Think so? Oh, yes; of course. Nothing to
prevent him. Only wants time. But it's
nothing to you."

"How is the Contessa?"

"Getting better I hear. Fact is I met the
surgeon who is attending her at the society.
But never mind them. I shall have done all I
can for her in less than a fortnight. This is
when the Spartan sails; so be ready and let's
get back."

"Yes, dear," said Cornel quietly, "I shall
have finished my task, too."

A year later Armstrong Dale went back
home, but only for a visit, for his fame was in-
creasing so rapidly that the more commissions
that he could undertake. He wanted help and
counsel, and he brought them back with him,
for he did not return to London alone.

Five more years had elapsed, and that season
there was a great deal of talk about Arm-
strong Dale's big picture at the Academy. The
press had praised it unanimously; society had
endorsed the critic's words; and it was sold for
a heavy price. But though he was importuned
to take portraits, Armstrong sternly refused.

The picture that year was a faithful subject
of a beautiful woman reclining upon a tiger
skin, with a huge cluster of orange maculated
lilies there as if by careless hands into a
magnificent repousse copper vase. And, as he
painted it, he had turned to his wife one day
and said, "I can't help it, Little Heart; it will
come so like her. I shall paint it out and give
up."

Then he seized a cloth to pass across the
fresh paint, but Cornel caught his wrist.

"Absurd!" he cried. "That magnificent
piece of work—and because of a fancied re-
semblance!"

"Then you do not mind it?" he said sadly.

Palettes, brushes, and mahabick were slowly
and softly taken from his hands, which were
drawn round Cornel's neck, and she nestled
closely in his breast.

"Mind? No," she said gently, "let the
dead past bury its dead."

The picture went to the Academy then, and
was the most discussed work of the year.

One sunny morning early, so as to be before
the crush, Armstrong and his wife walked
through the principal room, joined together by
a little fairy-like, golden-haired link, whose
bright eyes flashed with delight as she clung to
his hand on either side, for she was at her ur-
gent request being taken "to see papa's pic-
ture—The Tiger-Lily."

The trio had been standing in front of it for
some minutes when, after playfully responding
to the happy child's many questions, Cornel
turned to take her round the room, but both
stopped short as if petrified.

For, within a couple of yards stood Valentina,
pale as death, her eyes abnormally large, and
her whole countenance telling of bodily suffer-
ing and mental pain.

She stood in an invalid chair occupied by a
wasted, prematurely old man, wrapped in furs
—in May—and attended by a servant who
stood motionless behind.

The meeting was a surprise, and all present
save one remained fascinated by some spell.

The silence was broken by Valentina, who
took a step forward and held out her hand
while Armstrong saw at a glance that the
Conte was gazing vacantly at the pictures, his
eyes dull and glazed, the light of recognition
being absent.

"It is six years since we met, Mrs. Dale,"
said the Contessa softly, but the tones of her
voice were changed, and she turned her head
slightly to let her eyes rest upon Armstrong.

"As in all human probability we shall never
meet again, I cannot resist referring once to
the past—to thank your sweet wife for the
life she saved."

"Oh, pray," whispered Cornel in a tremulous
voice, "no more."

"No," said Valentina, holding Cornel's hand
tightly, and gazing wildly in her eyes, though
her voice was very calm. "We go back to
Italy at once. My husband, who is a great
invalid, seems better there."

She paused for a moment as if to gain
strength to go on; and then in a low, passion-
ate whisper full of the maternal longing of an
unsatisfied heart.

"Your child—May I kiss her once?"

Cornel bowed her head—she could not speak,
but held the child a little forward, and Valen-
tina bent down.

"Will you kiss me?" she said.

The little candid eyes looked smilingly up
and the young voice said as the soft little
arms clasped her neck.

"Yes, I'll give you two." Then, as she was
held tightly for a few moments, "Do you like
dear papa's picture? I saw him paint it. Is it
you?"

The little wondering question sent a pang
through three breasts, but not another word
was uttered till the invalid chair and its at-
tendants had passed through the door close by.

It was the child who broke the silence just
as Cornel had stolen her hand to her husband's
side to press his with a long, firm, trusting
grasp.

"Why did that lady cry when she kissed me,
mamma? I know," the child added quickly.
"It was because that poor gentleman is so ill."

It was the winter of the same year when
Armstrong was seated by his studio fire with
his child upon his knee, and Cornel upon the
rug with the warm light of the fire upon her
cheek—not the old studio, but the noble,
artistically furnished salon in Kensington.

The door opened and a gruff voice exclaimed:
"May I come in?"

The child uttered a cry of delight, sprang
from her father's knee and dashed across the
studio to begin dragging toward her the rough
gray-beard in a shabby velvet coat and soft
black hat.

He raised her in his arms and bore her for-
ward, to sit chatting for some time. Then
Cornel rose and took the child's hand.

"Come down to my study," she said. "Your tea-time."
"No, no. I want to stop with Uncle Joe,"
said Cornel with a nod and a smile, as
she drew the child away. "You shall come in
to dessert if you are good."

She nodded, smiling at the rough-looking old
friend, and then tripped out playfully with the
child.

"Light your pipe, old man," said Armstrong.
"What is it—business?"

"Yes. Your wife reads my face like a book.
Have you seen to your *Tiger-Lily*?"

"No. Been growing all day at the bad light
and playing with Tiny."

"Read that then."

Pacey passed the crumpled paper folded
small, and under the Paris news Armstrong
read:

"M. Lorraine has been appointed French con-
sul at Constantinople, and leaves Marseilles by
the Messageries Maritimes steamer Corne d'Or
on Friday."

"Well, I am glad. Hang it, Joe, I could find
it in my heart to run over to Paris to have one
dinner with him and say good-bye."

"No time," said Pacey gruffly. "Now read
that."

He took back the paper and doubled it again,
so that the front page was outward, and
pointed to the column of deaths.

Armstrong started and for some moments
held the paper with his eyes fixed upon his
friend, in whose countenance he seemed to
divine what was to come.

He was in no wise surprised when he looked
down to find the name Dellatoria, and he be-
gan to read the announcement with the remem-
brance that the Conte's face when they last
saw bore the stamp of impending death; but
he was not prepared for what he did read, and
the type blurred, and the paper quivered a
little as he saw as through a mist the name
Valentina, the age thirty, Rome, and then the

last words stood out clearly: "Only surviving
the Conte Dellatoria four days."
"Chapter the last, boy," said Pacey, taking
back the paper and folding it tightly before
replacing it in his breast pocket.

"Yes," said Armstrong slowly, as he mentally
looked backward through the happy, golden
mists of six years, "chapter the last."
[THE END.]

The Earth is Shrinking.

Sir Edwin Arnold in one of his recent letters
says: "The world we live in is becoming sadly
monotonous as it shrinks year by year to
smaller and smaller dimensions under the
rapid movement provided by limited passenger
trains and swift ocean steamships."

The New York Central, by the introduction
of its Empire State express, has perhaps to a
greater degree than any other force on this con-
tinent, aided this shrinking process. It is now
possible, by taking this fastest train in the
world, to breakfast leisurely at your home or
hotel in New York, and dine in Buffalo or
Niagara Falls, almost 450 miles away, at your
usual hour. Toronto people can leave Union
Station at 7:50 a.m. and connect with this train
at Buffalo, reaching New York the same even-
ing at 10:30. Apply by mail to Edison J. Weeks,
general agent New York Central, Buffalo,
N. Y., for copy of one of the Four Track Series.

Caution.

Mrs. Younglove—Shall you expect me to
bake my own bread?
Mr. Younglove—Just as you prefer, dearest;
but you needn't bother about baking mine!

To Columbian Exposition

Via the Wabash vestibuled trains running to
Chicago every day in the year, are the finest
known to the railway service. They are com-
plete and solid vestibuled from end to end, the
entire train being a moving palace of connected
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wood, near 60th street entrance to the World's
Fair; electric cars direct to grounds every five
minutes. Get your tickets via Detroit and the
J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent,
4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont., for a copy free of
expense.

Tired of It.

Lord Stonebrake—Let me see, we were talk-
ing about those two American friends who were
Lord Overdraft—I know we were; but, for
heaven's sake, don't let us talk shop any more!

New Facts About the Dakotas

is the title of the latest illustrated pamphlet
issued by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul
Railway regarding those growing states, whose
wonderful crops the past season have attracted
the attention of the whole country. It is full
of facts of special interest for all not satisfied
with their present location. Send to A. J.
Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 4 Palmer
House Block, Toronto, Ont., for a copy free of
expense.

Of No interest to Him.

Cabbage (serenely)—It is very discouraging to
a man to have to carry a shrieking baby around
the room all night and then to reflect that of
such is the kingdom of heaven.
Mrs. Cabbage (meekly)—How can that pos-
sibly affect you, dear?

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

MAKES DELICIOUS LEMONADE.
A teaspoonful added to a glass of hot or cold
water, and sweetened to the taste, will be
found refreshing and invigorating.

Cowardice.

Bobbie—The lobster bites hard, but he must
be very timid, mamma.
Mamma—Why so, Bobbie?
Bobbie—Why, because he

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EDMUND B. SHEPPARD - Editor.

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"Saturday Night" Out of Town.

Are you going to the mountains, the seashore or to Muskoka this summer? Wherever you go you can have your favorite paper. SATURDAY NIGHT is mailed to any address in Canada or United States for 20c. a month; to foreign addresses 25c. a month.

Our New Story.

In our next issue will commence that splendid new story by Adeline Sergeant, for which the publishers of this paper have secured the Canadian right, Marjory's Mistake. Miss Sergeant is not unknown to our readers, for twice before we have published serials from her pen, and so widely were they read and so many were the expressions of pleasure drawn forth by the two stories previously published that we eagerly closed with the offer of publishing rights of Marjory's Mistake. The story will be given in large installments and illustrated. The reprehensible practice of pinching a good story so that the interest attaching to it will cover as many issues as possible has never been followed in SATURDAY NIGHT and will not be introduced in this case. The story commences next week—don't miss it.

An Australian Miner's Narrative.

(A True Story.)

IT WAS Christmas at the old Bendigo Gold Fields, and in the year 1847 a carousing, lawless time the miners made of it. Men with costumes of all nations were crowded together, and ticket-of-leavers and other scum of the earth paraded and swaggered at ease. For months I had been working hard at these diggings, and was at last rewarded by the possession of a pile too big to safely conceal much longer. Becoming somewhat tired of the racket and general surroundings, I concluded to take a holiday and foot it down to Melbourne, so the next day found me up at the first streak of dawn busy securing a well filled belt purse and other dust about my person, and after taking a cautious look around I noiselessly quitted the lonesome little tent that stood out white and ghostlike in the dim light of early morn. To avoid the possibility of being followed by some of the villainous fraternity that infested the place, I started on the run, not feeling safe until many miles lay between myself and the diggings. After tramping all day through dense forests, I stopped at length to consult my pocket-compass and also fill a gourd from a small water fall that I fortunately discovered at the foot of a steep hill, where I rested a while to refresh the inner man and watch the red, blue and green parrots that peeped curiously down from the great tall trees; rare black cockatoos with brilliant scarlet uttered wild, discordant screams and frightened kangaroos sprang in every direction, proving to me that noble animal lord of the creation were a species entirely unknown to the inhabitants of this primeval and sequestered spot. Taking another draught from the cool spring, I again marched forward and finally reached the summit of one of the Blue Mountains which was partly covered with thick T. scrub; into this I crept and gladly laid me down to rest. The moon was just rising and shone faintly into the dark woods and gulches beyond. I was dead beat, and placing a coat under my head slept as only a weary, worn-out man can sleep. How long this lasted I cannot say, but I awoke with a start and distinctly heard voices mingling with the soft night breeze. Moving silently to an opening I saw the full moon shining resplendent into the valley below, making it as light as day and plainly revealing the forms of three men, whom I instantly recognized as ticket-of-leavers. There is no mistaking these hang-dog "lads." Two of them were engaged in making a fire, while a third prepared a damper to cook in the ashes. Standing slightly in the shade was a fourth man, and from his appearance I judged him to be one of the numerous German peddlers who carry jewelry, etc., for sale to the different "stations" scattered around. Apparently they were inviting him to draw near, which he seemed to hesitate about doing; then gradually stepping forward he commenced to loosen his pack and finally joined them in their meal.

Soon after this the smell of tobacco came slowly up the hill, and sounds of talking and laughter drifted by. From my hiding-place I continued to watch them, the flickering light from the fire giving the stooping forms of the men a strange, uncanny appearance. All this time I had been vainly endeavoring to devise some means of warning the unfortunate peddler, for I felt quite confident that they meant to kill and rob him. Was I a coward that I made no effort to save this poor helpless man? Could I not creep down and somehow get nearer to him? No, it was impossible. The moon's clear rays would surely betray me, and my own existence was too sweet to risk falling into the hands of those miscreants who show no mercy and who value a human life less than a dog's. In this extremity of horror and perplexity I had fallen on my knees, covering my face with both hands, for well I knew the end could not be far off. Merciful God, should I be compelled to

wait until this terrible and cruel murder was done? With closed eyes I continued to kneel, almost counting the minutes as they passed rapidly away. Once more I glanced down into the quiet valley and observed that the three wretches were motionless as if asleep, while the doomed German had also moved a short distance from the others and sat thinking and smoking alone. Presently he placed his load carefully by his side, then, lying down was soon dreaming his last brief dream on earth. As if glued to the spot, I yet looked on, then I saw one of the convicts glide softly up and lift the axe that cleft the slumbering peddler's skull. With a long, terrible cry he partly arose, then all was still and a soul passed on into the mysterious hereafter. Unheard by the murderer a second scream of human anguish rang through the air, for in my terror I too cried aloud and reeling backwards knew no more! On recovering consciousness some time afterwards I found that the sun was high in the heavens, and looking eagerly about I could perceive no sign of a living presence, only a thin smoke curled lazily upwards from a dying fire and by this I knew that all was too true and no delusion of a troubled brain. Hastily leaving the gloomy thicket and haunted by the fear of again beholding these three fiends, I wandered on until I reached the house of a well known squatter, to whom I related the dark scene I had so lately witnessed. Information was immediately sent by him to the Mounted Police, who searched the country for miles but failed to capture the crafty convicts. Only a few charred bones and metal buttons could be found to verify my statement and tell the tale of one of the numerous tragedies that occurred during the early days of the old Bendigo Gold Fever.

PERCY MARTIN.

An Unwilling Witness

The Thrilling Story of How I Watched an Awakened Mosquito.

IT is said that the truest sympathy can only be given by those who have also suffered. When I used to read of that painful habit that some semi-savage races have of tying their prisoners, divested of everything, to a tree and leaving them to be tortured to death by the mosquitoes and flies of the neighborhood, I would think that it was highly reprehensible conduct, in fact, to say the least, it was ungentlemanly, and I would go on to the next chapter. I know what it must be now, and a great strain of sympathy wells up in my heart for those tortured beings, for I myself have suffered. I hadn't to go far from home to get the suffering, only to Rideau Lake. There are no Indians there now, but there were lovers at the summer hotel last week and they did it. Lovers at summer hotels are not unusual I believe, but these were unusual summer lovers; their affection, although dormant during the cold of last winter, had awakened into life in the springtime and was ready to blossom forth into "until death us do part," in July. They meant business. He would rise up at daybreak and hunt water lilies for two hours before breakfast. He moved around with the love-light in both his eyes all day and would drink Apollinaris straight in the smoking-room at night. When a man drinks undiluted Apollinaris water in a summer hotel at midnight there is something radically wrong with him. He should be taken care of. She—but she has cut me dead for a week so I will only say that she read Browning.

It was apparent to everyone that the malady was rapidly approaching a crisis. There was no particular reason why the crisis shouldn't come at any time. Their respective families were seemingly agreeable. Everybody gave them every opportunity that a self-respecting summer crowd could give, and they left them severely alone about half the time. But the evil genius that presides over my destiny ordained that I should be made the victim of untold suffering while they passed through the said crisis. I had been reading James Whitcomb Riley's "In Swimmin' Time" in the afternoon, and a yearning came into my heart to have one of the old-fashioned swims of boyish days. Away from laughing, screaming bathers, away from sloping beach and bathing machines, away from clinging clothes and children, free and untrammelled, I would swim and dive as of yore. I remembered that about three-quarters of a mile away there was a rocky point which partly encircled a delightful cove, which was far from the gaze of man—and woman—and was exactly suited to my purpose. So after tea I took my canoe and paddled towards it.

"Don't you think there are a fearful lot of mosquitoes this evening, Mr. Lewis?" said a lady in a passing skiff.

"I didn't notice it particularly," I carelessly said. I changed my mind in half an hour. I noticed them then. Yes, I noticed them. In a quarter of an hour the canoe was under the overhanging branches, my clothes were behind a rock, and I had taken my first header into the cool waters of the cove.

Oh that delightful feeling of freedom from all vestment! I was a boy again. I took header after header, vainly attempted to turn three somersaults without coming to the surface, which had been my youthful pride, played steamboat and the dozen and one half-forgotten swimming tricks of never mind how many years ago. I was quietly lying on my back and complacently looking at my toes, which I was endeavoring to keep above the water, when I heard voices. I let my toes sink and listened. Boats seldom came so far in the evening, but surely that was a girl's voice. In a moment I was convinced of it, and it was very close at hand, immediately on the other side of the point. I was concerned. Swiftly and silently I made for the shore and my clothes. I was too late for the latter and had just time to dodge behind a clump of bushes, a considerable distance from the rest of the woods. I would hide there until the approaching boat should pass, I thought. In another minute it came around the point. It was the lovers. "Oh, what a lovely little bay," I heard her say. "I think we should land on that point," he answered, "and see the sunset on the lake. It is a beautiful view from here." By the determined now-or-never look in his face I saw that he meant business and I remained quiet. I

wasn't the sort of man that would dash from their lips "the sweet, sweet cup that only youth can taste," and anyway I was in rather an embarrassing position to do any interfering, so I said nothing. They seated themselves on a moss-covered rock about twenty yards from me. I was a prisoner, tied hand and foot as securely as if I had been bound to a tree. Eavesdropping under any circumstances is unpleasant, and if I had known what was coming I believe I would have yelled a note of warning, but I couldn't know that he was going to choose that time of all others to make the break he did. They were silent. Not a sound disturbed the quietness of the sunset hour save the evensong of the melodious bullfrogs and the buzz-buzz of the vanguard of an army of mosquitoes, which were already making their presence felt. The sun after one last long lingering look at the lovers disappeared beneath the horizon, as its daily habit, and the blush of the western sky seemed reflected on the faces of the pair. By this time the advance guard of mosquitoes had apparently communicated with the main body the position I was in, for they began to assemble in great force. It is in no factious spirit of sectionalism that students of the Eastern Ontario mosquito contend that he rivals, if he does not surpass, his Muskoka brother in industry and ferocity. As an authority I say he does. If the lovers were idle, I was not. I was terribly busy, but it was nothing to what was coming.

I had often admired that young lady in a respectful, cousinly sort of way, but as she sat there looking demure and happy in her cool white gown, and in an embarrassed manner tapped her little foot with her closed parasol, I hated her. As for my feelings towards that young man, they were murderous. The confounded idiot! If he was going to propose why in the name of everything that is lovable didn't he go on with it! Did he think that a fellow could stand there all night and fight mosquitoes because he hadn't sense enough to say a few words? Before that young embodiment of procrastination knew enough to speak, those little emissaries of the evil one, those mosquitoes, had sent the fiery cross around among their sisters, their cousins and their aunts (and they have large families, they have) of the counties of Lanark and Leeds that there was to be a picnic. I was the picnic. These counties are divided for municipal, registration and political purposes, but that didn't seem to affect them; they cordially united as far as I was concerned. I have not learned that there has been a census taken of the mosquitoes of these two counties, but I would roughly estimate the number at 9,500,000. I would say 10,000,000 only I don't want to exaggerate. They were all there with me. I killed a few hundred thousand, but it had no appreciable effect on their numbers. My position was almost unendurable, when the young man managed to stammer, "Evangeline, I have for a long time sought this opportunity," etc., etc., and the old, old story was told by both. They seemed to like telling it. My watch afterwards told me it couldn't have been over twenty minutes, but I at that time thought it was about four hours and a half. It is all very well to be self-sacrificing, to give a fellow a show and to assist in the uniting of two fond hearts, but it was carrying things a little too far to expect a man to bury himself knee deep in dead mosquitoes in order not to thwart the course of true love. I was getting desperate. They would have to give up billing and cooing soon, or they would think a cyclone had struck them. I heard her say once in a startled tone, as she withdrew her head from his shoulder:

"What noise is that, dear?"

I could have told her I had killed at one fell swoop fourteen large-sized Rideau Lake mosquitoes that were endeavoring to carry me off by the back of the neck. I was getting frantic! The news of my whereabouts seemed to have got to the adjoining counties of Frontenac and Grenville, as large reinforcements were continuously pouring in. The end was fast approaching. The lovers were sitting hand 'n hand.

"I wonder what brings so many mosquitoes," I heard her once say.

I felt fiercely like telling her that it was my winning way, that I was the object of attraction. I didn't. At last he said, as he looked into her eyes:

"Would that life were always like this, I could stay here forever."

When I heard this, what blood was left ran cold, and in a half-frenzied manner I put my head over the bush and said:

"For God's sake, young fellow, if you don't want a mangled corpse or a raving maniac on your hands, go away and let me get my clothes."

And she doesn't speak to me. I call that ungrateful, after what I suffered.

CHARLES LEWIS.

Far From Home.

THE sand of the desert plain, sharp and biting as broken glass, was whirled about in grotesque shapes as the hot summer breeze moaned along the arid stretch of country, and the heat of the flinty particles in his face caused the man to bend his head to the swirl, ever and anon lifting it to gaze with growing horror at the far horizon, where earth and sky seemed to blend together and melt into a trembling haze of copper and red. The blazing sun had swung towards the west, and his fiery rays were shining full in the level plain; he could see the heat blazing from the sand like thin, steel-blue smoke. Still he toiled on.

The sun sank lower and lower in the copper-colored sky, and the single shadow on the vast waste lengthened out, a grotesque trembling shape, a blot upon the desert. Overhead in the broad stretch of cloudless space a huge bird swept along, revolving at will and finally swinging towards the earth, its broad pinions reflecting the rays of the sun like sails upon a distant sea.

The only object on the vast extent of heated sand and stagers, catches at the invisible, and sinks. A prayer flew to his parched lips for a long, cool draught of water.

The hot wind from the south answered, and the bird circled still closer.

He gathered the yellow grains in his hand, and in his delirium placed them to his lips,

then watched them sift through his fingers. Strange shapes and shadows passed before his eyes, and he saw the plain covered with heather, the blue heather of his native land.

The haze of the sky deepened and blended with the burnished hue of the sky, and the Spirit of the South breathed with hot lips upon the prostrate figure.

He staggered to his knees and scanned the far-away horizon, for in fancy he was straying among the heather and her blue eyes were upon him and a soft voice called his name; over the rolling deep and the broad prairie; over the trackless waste of sand and rocky plain, until it quivered in the still evening air and breathed a sad, plaintive song in his ear.

The orb of day had sunk below the stretch of loneliness, and darkness crept over the scene like a black fog, wrapping sky and plain, man and bird, in its sable folds.

The morning sun gleamed upon two objects, the prostrate figure of a man and a bird of repulsive appearance. The figure stirred not, and the bird stretched its featherless neck towards it, the early light glinting upon the curved beak and cruel talons. High up in the bright blue of the morning sky two other birds were sweeping and narrowing their circles. Nearer and nearer they came, until the rush of their heavy wings stirred the light sand.

And the lonely traveler found not a grave, for his bones are shining white upon the yellow gold of the desert, the sightless eyes of the skull turned towards the broad stretch of eastern sky.

B. KELLY.

Through Muskoka's Woods on a Winter Morning.

HERE'S not a cloud in the sky. Thirty below zero. When you step outside the little hotel the intense cold makes the boards crack like a cannon. After a rough breakfast of porridge, pork and beans, we wrap up in all our furs. A crack of the whip, the sleigh bells ring out the merry chimes and away we are for a twenty mile drive.

Everybody has written something about the beauties of Muskoka in summer time, but come with me on this cold, clear, crisp, sunny morning. There has been a thaw, followed by a hard frost, then a light fall of snow and the winter's panorama is a sight for the gods. Light your pipe, tuck in the robes, and enjoy the morning's carnival that nature has provided.

The spruce and balsam by the wayside are loaded with snow, resembling a thud and crystal monuments, and no two alike. The huge pine trees as a background make the scene perfect, so perfect, so grand, that it requires the genius of a poet to do it justice; even the stumps of trees along the roadside, which in the summer are so black and ugly, are, this lovely morning, arrayed in all their fastidious wintry garb. They resemble marble statuary studded with brilliants. We fancy one resembles the late Sir John A. Macdonald; then Sir Oliver Mowat, Blake, Laurier and scores of other celebrities. The sharp turns in the road make it appear as though we were lost in the forest. Another turn—look! there's a deer crossing the road. Another follows, but soon are lost in the woods. Up the hill we go, and the scene from the top is indescribable. The trees overlap the road, forming a long crystal avenue. Indeed this must be fairy land. The bare, slender branches are covered with frost and snow, through which we see the clear blue sky overhead, making it resemble a huge covering of fine lace studded with millions of crystal gems. To make the scene more perfect there is a small lake at the foot of the hill and the end of this pretty avenue. Across the lake and away into the woods again, mile after mile, we glide along over hill and dale. The scenes are repeated. A drive like this makes a fellow feel that life is worth living. Summer in the woods of Muskoka is grand, but a sleigh ride on a perfect winter day is glorious.

TOM SWALWELL.

The Trials of a Bicyclist.

ONE warm afternoon recently we were wheeling along the western outskirts of the city. Overheated and fatigued, we steered our course towards a large common in which were some shady trees which promised a cool resting place. On riding up we were surprised to see a middle-aged and rather portly gentleman running furiously across the common in pursuit of an urchin who was making the pace. The gentleman's wheel lay by the roadside, in a position which evidenced sudden and complete desertion, and a few yards away was a valise. The boy escaped and was successful in hiding himself securely in an old building. The baffled pursuer returned to his property by the wayside, as always happens in such cases, evidently in a much disturbed frame of mind, gathered himself together generally and rode off. As soon as he was at a safe distance the boy came forth, his dirty face spread into an elaborate grin, and rejoined his companions. We asked him for particulars of the affair. What had he done to the gentleman?

"Oh, nothing," he said indignantly, as he caught his breath; "I jest 'soaked' him one on de ear wid a hunk of watermelon." H. V. F.

What She Believed.

Instructor—Miss B., of what was Ceres the goddess?

Miss B.—She was the goddess of marriage.

Instructor—Oh, no! Of agriculture.

Miss B. (looking perplexed)—Why, I am sure my book says she was the goddess of husbandry!

A Useful Hint.

"Mr. Jermin," said Tommy, after a long and earnest scrutiny of the visitor at the other end of the breakfast table, "if you'd use the same white stuff on your face that mamma uses on hers them big freckles you've got wouldn't show at all."

The Way to Do It.

Shopman—These goods are all marked down, madam.

Fair Purchaser—Very well; I will take them. But, as they are for presents, you will kindly see that they are all marked up on the tags.

Rented

For Saturday Night.

One day towards old Courtship road,
With blushing cheek a maiden went,
And to a cozy dwelling stepped,
Heart beating fast, on business bent.

And asked, "Does Cupid live within?"
I wish the vacant heart to see,
And ask some questions 'bout the place,
Of which your master keeps the key."

'Twas scarcely said, when Cupid came,
And to the maiden bowed and smiled,
In answer to her questions said:
"The place is good, but somewhat wild."

Said she, "It must be pure and bright,
No old-love cobwebs must be there,
It must be furnished with God's grace,
And sweetly perfumed with flow'rs of prayer."

It must be large yet hold but one;
You say 'tis warm, canst swear that's true?
I love the place with all my soul,
But listen, Cupid, listen, do.

You'll help me, won't you, all you can,
To keep this heart, I'll be in bliss—
Give me a pen, I'll sign the lease;
And, Dan—here, take the promised kiss."

EUGENE R. NAR.

Cupid's Wiles.

For Saturday Night.

Life's glad; each amorous-lined dawn
Sheds o'er the land a brighter day,
Till dreams I'd thought forever gone
Glow into life like embers gray.

When breathed upon, The past, ah, well!
'Tis dead—another ecstasy—
And all the homage it could tell
I give to thee.

Life's sad; the cares of day oppress
And lead a fever to the brain,
Till all about's one dark distress
And little rock I lose or gain;
Then from this world I steal away
And sink my soul in calm Lethe,
When darkness night's made glorious day,
In thoughts of thee.

Life's mad; else there'd be happiness
In all the bliss these thoughts betray.
Alas! 'tis but a single stress,
And with the thought the joy's away.
And oh, perchance, we two may meet,
To know a common destiny;
Then will this heart in transport sweet
Sing songs to thee.

PHILIP A. STEPHENS.

Remembrance.

For Saturday Night.

Music lingers in the trees,
When the music-making breeze
Had on soft wings flown away,
With the slow retreating day.

Glow lingers in the sky,
Tho' the day has long gone by,
And the sun has gone to sleep
'Neath the bosom of the deep.

So, my love, when thou art gone
And I linger all alone,
Music from thy voice remains,
Filling me with sweetest strains.

And the glory of thy smile
Lingers yet a little while,
And when thou art gone away
Lengthens out our blissful day.

Gait, Ont.

ALAN W. CHAFF RD.

A Lover's Fancy.

For Saturday Night.

There is a large kaleidoscope of ever varying phases,
Of changing spots of white and pink and many-tinted
graces,
Which as the huge thing reels and turns take shape to
form the faces.

Of men and maidens of every age of all the various races,
Thus ever since the first of time this wondrous scope's been
turning,
Designing faces coarse and fine by ever ceaseless churning;
Sometimes a hideous countenance—unfortunate mis-carriage;

Again a beautiful form is wrought—a heaven-made marriage.
It was a bright transcendent day, it was thy birthday
morning,
When turned the great, the grandest turn of centuries of
turning,

For then a host of lovely forms, ten thousand fitting
graces,
Revealed in symmetrical of smiles in form that queen of
faces.

W. H. T.

A Fancy.

For Saturday Night.

When the red roses of the swift-riding morn
Sweep through the glorious space of the sky—
With flash of banner and with blast of horn
Proclaiming that the Great White King is nigh;

The Earth—a rich, rare beauty in the throng—
With blush and laugh, and gesture full of grace,
Draws her soft veil of filmy gauze and lace,
And thrills him with a passion, sudden, strong,

By the devouring beauty of her face.

JAS. A. TUCKER.

The Devil in Court.

The Devil came up to the earth one day
And to the court-house wended his way,
Just as an attorney, with very grave face,
Was proceeding to argue the "point in the case."

Now, a lawyer his majesty never had seen,
For in his dominions none ever had been,
And he felt very anxious the reason to know
Why none had been sent to the regions below.

'Twas the fault of his agents, his majesty thought,
That none of these lawyers had ever been caught,
And for his own pleasure he felt a desire
To come to the earth and the reason enquire.

Well, the lawyer who rose with a visage so grave
Made out his opponent a consummate knave,
And the Devil himself was greatly amused
To hear how the other was loudly abused.

But as soon as the speaker had come to a close,
The counsel opposing him fiercely arose
And heaped much abuse on the head of the first
As made him a villain—of either the worst.

Thus they quarrelled, contended and argued so long
That 'twas hard to determine which of them was
wrong,
And concluding he'd heard quite enough of the fuss,
Old Nick turned away and scollered thus:

"If all they said of each other be true,
The Devil has surely been robbed of his due;
But I'm thinking perhaps, after all, 'tis best so,
For these lawyers would ruin our morals below."

"They have puzzled the court with their villainous
cavil,
And I'm free to confess they have puzzled the Devil;
My agents are right to let lawyers alone,
If I had them they'd swindle me out of my throne."

Exchange.

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Between You and Me.

AMONG the various letters which come my way I get a goodly number from girls who want advice as to their choice of occupation; girls who want to "make a little money" who feel the tightness of the paternal purse strings or the necessary economies of a prudent mother. They have enough to eat, enough to wear, and a home to live in, but still they are not content. You and I, who have been through the mill, would be only too glad of their care-free existence; we have said our say, had our fling, and are ready for an easy time. But once we were just like the girls who fret for freedom—to do—to go—to spend money. Weren't we? When I get such a letter as lies before me while I write, saying "Won't you tell me what I can do to make a little money for my own use," I say to myself, "Same old story, I know just how she feels," and that is all I can do. For each girl must think for herself and "discover herself." The world is full of people who are begging other people to tell them what they can do, or who are sitting with their mouths open waiting for someone to feed them a situation and a career with a silver spoon. I have fed a good many such, when I had not the necessity of feeding myself, and I occasionally dispense a spoonful even now, but it isn't a good plan. Sometimes people make a face at the mouthful, sometimes they swallow it and sit open-mouthed again just as if they had nothing. There are plenty of girls, and men too, who want "to make a little money," but a goodly proportion of them object to doing a little work. A sweet girl friend of mine thought she might gain some filthy lucre by writing verses, and submitted some of her work to my judgment. When I told her that it had no money value and explained the reason, she sighed and said, "Well, then, I must just give up." The conclusion was so girl-like, but yet so absurd. If one wants to work first, and make money as an after accident, one can find plenty to do; everyone has a chance, man and woman, but some folks sit in the station till the train goes out and then grumble because they don't get anywhere.

I heard a novel reason against encouraging women to go to work, from a very bright and headlong young man who was discussing the subject with us a few evenings since. "Hang it, you know well enough," said the bright young man, "that when a woman makes her six or seven hundred a year, and is her own mistress till she is twenty-five, she won't marry unless she gets a very good offer." "And why should she?" I enquired. "Well, but when we fellows want a wife we've got to take one of those girls who have no go—the left-overs." "And why not, if you're not good enough for the working woman?" I asked again. He looked at me in mild exasperation, and I have several times thought over his reason, and each time I have wondered whether it displayed most, his utter ignorance of the stuff women's hearts are made of or his unconscious selfishness. I hope he'll never see this, but I really must add that any woman might be lucky to get him. Getting and giving in marriage should give place to some other prevailing topic, now that the royal marriage is safely over. By the way, what a rich field of speculation, gossip, scandal, millinery and general excitement it opened up to the British and American public. And, so far as we're concerned, it really was none of our business, only we're so loyal that we mixed our comments with the rest. It is agreed that the lady and the lord are well pleased with each other, and that when the king is dead the only thing to do is to cry, "Long live the king!" But it is no harm to cry, Ah! and Oh! over the wedding presents, is it? They look lovely in the pictures. What were they in actual form? Sir Frederick Leighton's quaint tortoise shell box and Sir John Millais' silver biscuit dish look just like their own donors. A peacock's plume from the Empress Eugenie, rich with gems of all the radiant tints of the natural feather, and reminding one of the brief splendor of the sad widow's Empress days. Our Canadian sleigh isn't in the list, so I suppose it hasn't materialized, but it will reach the young Princess-Duchess long before she needs it, unless winter weather in England gets down a good many degrees lower than usual. A sleigh seemed such a peculiar gift to me, when I thought of some of the beautiful things that might have been made for all time from our metals and precious stones. However, if it ever makes such a lovely playhouse as a certain old family sleigh made in the days of my youth, perhaps future wee Geordies and Mayles may be glad we were moved to send it to their young pa and ma!

"How did you go to Chicago, Lady Gay?" asks a woman in a nice chatty letter. "I am going in July, as soon as my holidays begin." Bless you, my girl, did you think I walked? Seriously, there isn't much choice about it. If you go the way I went, you are liable to be satisfied. By C. P. R. to Detroit, then by Wabash to Dearborn street station, and no change of cars. Have your trunk searched here, then in crossing the Detroit river you can climb to the upper deck of the ferryboat and watch the lights of the city with an easy mind, instead of fussing round the baggage car. And you may have such a pretty car on the Wabash to come back in by the new short route. We were quite lost in admiration of ours, with its mother-of-pearl inlay and its white and pink head-rests and its quaint little mirrors between the windows. It was a beauty of a car, I can tell you. LADY GAY.

Ignorance is Bliss.

Fashionable mother (languidly)—Well, Sarah, how is baby to-day?
Nurse—He cut two teeth this morning, ma'am.
Fashionable mother (still more languidly)—That was very careless of you, Sarah. You oughtn't to let a young baby play with a knife.

Seasonable

As some of our Anglomaniacs walked into the club, General George remarked: "Look here, Sporty, the meteorological report announces fair weather in London. Wouldn't you better un-Craven those trousers?"

An Irish Funeral.



HE winter was fast drawing to a close. When another month had passed there would be signs of approaching spring, but at the time of which I write it was unusually cold, the thermometer registering some few degrees of frost, which combined with the extreme dampness of the atmosphere made outdoor work disagreeable.

Off and on during the day there had been flurries of snow, which melted as it fell, but as evening came on it had grown colder, and as we gathered in the kitchen after tea all showed marked appreciation for the fine coal fire which blazed in the open grate of the range. We had placed our chairs in such positions that we could with comfort watch the fleeting expressions of each other's faces as we told stories of the adventures of Irishmen in the old world and the new, and had sat thus for an hour or more when a story was told which had brought thoughts of other things to all our minds, and we sat gazing at the glowing coals.

What happened next I will never forget to the end of my days. A cry pierced the night air in the narrow street without, and with what astounding force it impressed itself upon our minds! Even as I write I can feel the discordant notes ringing in my ears. How soft, low and plaintive it began, as though the wail of someone in trouble, but how ghastly and inhuman were the higher notes as they swelled into that fiendish shriek, so innately brutish as to curdle the blood in our veins and make our faces pale with fear.

Then, when it had died away as softly as it had arisen, how several pairs of lips murmured the same words, the Banshee, and how we sat for an instant gazing with solemn enquiry into each other's eyes. "Someone in the street has gone to their last resting-place," one of our number said, and then we all rose and I led the way into the street.

As I did so I saw a large black dog slink away from before a doorway some twenty yards up the street from where we stood, and it was undoubtedly this beast which had so upset our little party by its unearthly howl. After this discovery I assure you I felt easier in my mind, for it eliminated the Banshee theory and left only the natural sequence—the mournful cry of a beast which instinct had told that it had been deprived of its master.

Both up and down the street other doors were opening, and the little street which had but a moment before been dark and deserted was full of people and lit by streams of yellow light from the open doorways. Everyone began to ask those they met what was the matter, but the words died on their lips, for from the house in front of which the dog had howled, proceeded the loud sob of a woman—the loud sobbing of a wife and mother for her husband and the father of her children.

In the midst of manhood and without any warning he had been stricken down—yes, and in the midst of his sins against God and man—yet such is the charity felt for the dead in this strange country that for the moment all his misdeeds were forgotten, and as we intermingled to talk the matter over a universal opinion was expressed, in most cases by this sentence, "Arrah, but he was a nice, poor fellow." Then we wended our ways back to our firesides—all but some of our women who went to shed a few sympathetic tears with the widow.

All the next morning in the chapel at the end of the street, bells were tolled and twelve priests said high mass for a soul which all knew was in purgatory, if in no worse place. At the house where lay the corpse no blinds had been raised, and all day long women with shawls over their heads came and went, then in the evening was the wake.

Being a stranger to this custom I was invited to attend, and was taken in tow by an old lady who was to show me all that was to be seen. I was first taken to have a look at the corpse, which lay swollen and bloated in its coffin of oak. The face of the man was one of brutish beauty, although his debauches had left their marks, and he was not as handsome, perhaps, as the day he persuaded the young woman—almost a girl—who sat alone in the dim candlelight, sobbing and looking wistfully at his dead face, to share with him the life which he was to waste in revelry and debauchery. It was a bitter sight to look upon, and he who looking did not sympathize would have been hardened indeed, yet as I glanced back from her face to that of her dead husband's, I could not but think that she was better off without him.

In the parlor when we reached it the intimate friends and relations of the deceased were grouped, but as they were all very solemn and gave themselves up to drinking the whiskey which ran as freely as water, I did not remain with them long but sought the kitchen, where were grouped about the fire all the old gossips and busybodies of the neighborhood, to whom free whiskey was a godsend. These worthies were engaged in telling bawdy and black-guard stories, not with the artistic polish of Boccaccio, yet with native wit. Here, too, I made my stay as short as possible, for the whiskey was not as good as that set out for the relatives and friends, so I made my way back to the parlor, where I found them all as I had left them, still busy discussing the quality of the whiskey and the arrangements for the funeral to take place on the morrow, which was Sunday. How long the wake lasted I don't know—I retired early.

The eleven o'clock mass at the chapel next morning was very crowded. Before the chapel all classes of vehicles, from side cars to common carts, drove up and deposited friends of the deceased, who, without invitation, had driven in from the surrounding country to attend mass, and then they would have just time to see the corpse and have a drink at the nearest "pub" before the funeral started.

Down the narrow little street, which was not large enough to allow the hearse to enter it, the coffin would have to be carried by the pall-bearers to the wide street below. There was a hush of expectancy. Silence fell upon the little groups at the doorway. The door had opened and an old woman dressed in black, with

a white apron and cap, came out bearing aloft two candelabra containing lighted candles, and when the coffin had been placed upon the shoulders of the pall-bearers preceded them to the hearse, where after she had seen the coffin safely stowed away she snuffed out her candles and returned to the house.

The funeral then began to get under way, the priests, the mourners and the pall-bearers in their crapes and wide white linen bands about their hats, ahead, and the hearse and stream of cars following after. The road lay along the river, and now and then we caught a glimpse of its fair expanse across the ever-green fields. The distance to the cemetery was about four miles, perhaps somewhat less. Three miles out from town we came to a little tavern known as the halfway house, and here most of the cars drew up and the occupants went inside and had something stronger than water to quench their thirst. Only part of the cars joined the funeral again; ours among the number caught up to the hearse before it reached the cemetery.

The hearse stopped in the road before the gate and the coffin was taken out and again placed upon the shoulders of the pall-bearers; then the priests (there were eight of them) with uncovered and bowed heads proceeded to the grave, praying as they went, while the pall-bearers, as is the custom, bore the coffin around the edge of the cemetery. This is no easy feat to perform where no path has been left, as in this case. Up and down, over grave mounds they went, several times narrowly escaping a fall, but they toiled on contentedly, and only once did I note any manifestation of temper. This was when a wraith was jolted off the coffin and fell temptingly near one of the bearers' feet, and he kicked it about a rod away. It was picked up by a mourner, who called to the bearers to stop until he replaced it, but this they were not inclined to do, and they only glared back at him and told him to take himself off to a warmer country than Ireland.

At the head of the grave the priests had clustered, and myself and friends took our stand behind them. The grave was hardly four feet deep, but as the grave-digger, who had imbibed more stout than was good for him, remarked, "That's a corpse care for a few inches of dirt, whether it's under him or over him!" He might perhaps have become more loquacious and have given us more valuable information about "corpsees" had the bearers not reached the grave at that moment and none too lightly dropped their burden beside it.

The priests were about to give the order to place the coffin in the grave, when someone said the grave was too short, and an altercation ensued between this individual and the grave-digger which was only settled by a car driver measuring both grave and coffin. The grave-digger proved to be right, and in a moment of righteous indignation he was heard to express the hope that he might in the near future be commissioned to dig a grave to engulf the man who had doubted his ability.

The grave-digger was, however, rebuked by a priest and the coffin was lowered into the grave. Then with uncovered heads and bent knees we listened to those beautiful Latin prayers which from their very mysticism awe us to reverence. The prayers ceased rather suddenly I thought, and the crowd began to disperse, only a few remaining to watch the grave filled in. While this was being done a near relative of the deceased was busy distributing a pound note to each of the priests, and then those gentlemen also sought their cars and soon the graveyard was deserted and all that was left to attest that anything had been disturbed was the mound of earth which looked so dry and comfortable even under the fierce rays of the sun.

On the return journey we found most of the funeral congregated at the halfway house. The relatives with Celtic stoicism sat complacently drinking their stout while they congratulated each other upon how well the affair had gone off. And why should they not? For had they not spent more money on his corpse than he would have been able to borrow from all of his relations, separately and collectively, had he been alive and ever so hard up? But then all this display of the high mass, the glorious wake, the beautiful coffin of oak surmounted by a shield of graven brass, and last, but not least, the pageant of priests attending the funeral. All this was as much in their own honor as his, for had they not by it shown their neighbors that none of their kith or kin should go to his last resting-place unhonored, as Irishmen honor their dead?

Listowel, Ire. HARRY A. BROWN.

Art and Book Notes.

A. H. H. Heming of Hamilton has returned from a sketching trip up the Ottawa river. He has now a portfolio filled with summer and winter scenes along that interesting stream, mostly of a sporting character.

The reports that *The Californian Illustrated Magazine* has been affected by the financial panic that has swept over the country, are without foundation. The July and August issues speak for themselves, and the publishers propose to increase the attractions of the magazine with every issue. The August issue will be especially rich in fiction. A Japanese story is illustrated by a Japanese artist. The Caverns of Ulo, by Craig of Denver, and an interesting story by Howard Prescott Spofford are given. Among the descriptive illustrated papers: The Land of the White Elephant; A Modern Hesperides (the Orange); Spirit Photographs; The Making of a Navajo Blanket; Climbing Shasta, by Mark Sibley Severance; Trout Fishing; Among the Wild Grasses; Delightful Summer Articles; Artemus Ward, etc. A feature of the issue will be a discussion between Hon. Morris M. Estee of San Francisco and Hon. Abbot Kinney of Los Angeles on the question of State Division.

W. H. Howard, who did the splendid work in designing and executing the civic address presented to Lord Derby, has received through the secretary an acknowledgment which states that it is the finest work of the kind that has ever been received at Ottawa.

A peep in upon Miss Hemming at her studio in the Confederation Life Building, sur-

Poor Pickings.



Carrie News—Have you noticed the change that's come over Mr. Van Duden lately? Something has been preying on his mind for the last two weeks.
May Cutting—It surely must be starved by this time, whatever it is.

rounded by her "canvassed" friends and patrons, makes a pleasant change for a busy man. A couple of portraits of Mr. C. H. Gooderham's youngest daughters deeply impressed me. The flesh tints are simply remarkable, though perhaps no more pleasing than the rest of the pictures. Col. Gogoy of Montmorency, of 37 fame, is now being worked upon for a son-in-law, while opposite to him one of Montreal's most prominent grain merchants is being fashioned "as though in a mirror." I feel that Miss Hemming has a future before her in Toronto.

Mr. Arthur Lloyd, the well known English comedian, who makes his first American tour the coming season, besides being a clever dramatic author is also the composer of over one thousand songs, many of which have been at different times very popular in this country. Amongst them are: For Goodness Sake Don't Say I Told You, which was made very popular by the late Kate Castleton; I Couldn't, At It Again, You May Look But You Mustn't Touch, The Upper Ten and Lower Five (duet), Signor MacSinger, sung in the comic opera, Pearl of Pekin, Arthur and Martha, One More Polka, and many others. His wife, the late Mrs. Katie King, was a daughter of the famous English tragedian, T. C. King, of Drury Lane Theater, London. Mr. Lloyd will be supported by a strong company, including his talented son and daughter, Harry and Annie King-Lloyd, who are both very highly spoken of by the British press. The comedy, Our Party, in which Mr. Lloyd is to appear, is a bright, clean and exceedingly funny piece written by Mr. Lloyd, and has been performed by him over nine hundred times in the principal theaters of Great Britain very successfully. He will present it at the Academy of Music during the week of October 2.

The Grand will open on August 24.

Men and Women Before the Law

The laws of England are, in most cases, what might be called "men's laws," so unequal is the justice they deal to men and women respectively.

For instance, a man is eligible for every office in the kingdom and is under no restrictions as to voting.

On the other hand, there are many offices a woman cannot fill, such as member of Parliament, county councillor, etc., although she may be Queen. She can vote in certain municipal and school elections, but for nothing higher. She cannot serve on a jury except in one special case.

All English temporal peers sit and vote in the House of Lords.

A woman may be a peeress in her own right, but she has no seat or vote. There is one recorded case of a female baronet.

All professions are open to a man. A woman may not be a clergyman, soldier, sailor, barrister, or solicitor. She may not even drive a cab or bus for hire in London. But women have been parish clerks and sextons. A woman was once High Sheriff.

The law relating to inheritance of land prefers males to females. In nearly every case an eldest son inherits to the exclusion of all other children.

When daughters inherit land, they share it equally. As regards personal property, a man is his wife's heir, but a widow is her husband's heiress only to a limited extent.

When a man survives a wife possessed of land he will, in certain cases, own it all for his lifetime. In similar cases, when a wife survives a husband she will have a life interest in only one-third of his lands.

A man's domicile is not altered by his marriage. A woman has to adopt her husband's domicile for her own.

A husband is *prima facie* entitled to the custody of his children. A wife has no such right, nor will the courts readily grant it.

A man has the right to select the religion of his children. A man has full rights over his own property. A woman married before January 1, 1883, has only limited rights over property which was hers before that date.

All these points are decidedly favorable to the man. But he does not have it all his own way, as the following facts show:

Any adult man may be made bankrupt or imprisoned under the Debtors' Act. A married woman can be made bankrupt only if trading separately from her husband. She cannot be imprisoned under the act.

If a man orders goods in his wife's name, he must usually pay for them. A man must generally pay for all necessary articles his wife orders. He is even responsible, to a certain extent, for debts she has incurred before marriage.

A man is responsible if his wife commits libel or slander, or does any wrongful act for which damages could be claimed. He is responsible in this case also, to a certain extent, for such acts committed before marriage. A

wife is never responsible for her husband's wrongful acts.

A man may be compelled to allow his wife sustenance money while she is carrying on a suit against him, or is forced to live separately from him.

In some cases married women may testify privately as to whether their signatures to documents were made without fear or favor. Equity will assist a wife if her husband has made some mistake in executing a power of appointment in her favor.

There seems to be some manifest injustice on both sides, but the wheels of legal reform move slowly, and probably a dozen Dickenses may write a hundred Black House arraignments of the powers that be before any changes will be made for the benefit of either party.—*New York Sun*.

Funny Incident of a Great Earthquake.

The earthquake a few years ago in Charleston, S.C., destroyed much property and some lives. But amid the wild dismay, horror and confusion, there were many humorous incidents, of which the following is a fair specimen: One evening, when one of the first severe shocks took place, an engaged couple were sitting in the parlor of one of the houses on the Battery. The young gentleman, who was of a scientific turn of mind, at once thought of the possibility of a tidal wave. He stepped to the window, opened it, thrust out his hand and instantly knew that his worst fears were realized, for his hand went into water just outside the window. He closed the window, returned to his fiancée and told her of the dreadful truth. As by one impulse they clasped their arms around each other and stood in the middle of the room calmly awaiting their doom. They stood long, expecting the rush of the engulfing water, but it did not come. The delay was disappointing, for they had made up their minds to a little drama. At last the delay and suspense became intolerable; the gentleman again went to the window. A little less hurried examination of the condition of things showed him that he had put his hand into an aquarium which stood just outside.—*Harper's Bazar*.

The Red Man and the Live Wire.

Since the weather has grown warmer the town has been overrun with hatless and shoeless Papago bucks, who seem to delight in loading in the most frequented places and take a languid interest in whatever is going on.

A couple of them were recently idly watching the stringing of the electric light wires in the vicinity of the postoffice, when one of the ropes by which they are hauled taut broke; the end of the wire flying back and crossing other wires, received quite a current of electricity.

One of the bucks started across the street and, reaching the innocent rope of bright copper, happened to place one bare foot upon it.

He gave a quick hop without uttering any sound and carefully examined his sole. He then cautiously approached the wire, daintily touched it with his toe, and immediately gave another jump.

By this time his companion had joined him, and upon invitation put his foot squarely upon it, and was in turn intensely mystified. Both then suddenly recollected themselves. Gazing around at a number of spectators, and seeing their proceeding had been observed and evidently enjoyed, they quickly walked off to talk the mystery over in the neighboring corral.—*Tucson Citizen*.

Lacking.

Timid Youth—Miss Gracie, perhaps my coming here so often may seem—may seem to—to smack of undue persistence.

Demure Maiden—George, your coming here has—has never smacked of anything yet.

Hit Him There.

Tommy—Do you know when a nail cannot be driven?
Mr. Figg—No. When?
Tommy—W'y, I don't suppose a nail could be driven if it was lead.

What They Indicate.

Bunting—The large sleeves worn now indicate an enlarged sense of humor in American women.

Larkin—Is that so?
Bunting—Yes; they are accustomed to laughing in their sleeve and they want more room.

He Knew.

"Now, Johnny, do you understand thoroughly why I am going to whip you?"
"Yes'm. You're in bad humor this mornin' an' you've got ter lick someone before you'll feel satisfied."

He Found Out.

The Heiress—Yes, when I don't wish to accept certain men's attentions, and they ask where I live, I say in the suburbs.
Mr. Selfsore—Ha! ha! ha! Excellent! But where do you live, Miss Brown?
The Heiress—In the suburbs, Mr. Selfsore.

That Clock.

It was a rarely pretty thing, formed of bronze, with a couple of Cupids in attitudes of charming abandon, the nearest of carved flowers and various other decorations, all calculated to attract attention and please the eye.

It stood under a glass globe in a conspicuous position in the show window of a well known Broadway jeweler, and as pretty Mrs. Mayblossom, the wife of a month, passing by with her young husband, caught sight of it, she abruptly paused and gushingly exclaimed:

"Oh, George, what a lovely clock!"

"Yes, Annie, dear," replied he, "it is really beautiful."

"How I wish," said she wistfully, "that you could afford to buy it. It would make such a splendid ornament for the parlor mantelpiece."

"I would be only too happy to do so, but you know, Annie, I'm a young merchant, and whatever resources I have must be strictly devoted to business."

She gave a little sigh of regret, but urged the purchase no further, and the newly married couple shortly afterward arriving at Mr. Mayblossom's place of business he, after a tender parting from his wife, entered his store, while she continued on her way to buy some few necessary things for their newly established household.

In spite of his economic resolutions the young husband felt strongly inclined to gratify his pretty wife's wish, and when therefore he found lying on his desk a letter containing a sum of money and was informed by the writer that it was the repayment of a loan which Mr. Mayblossom had made to a friend in his bachelor days and long looked upon as hopeless, he determined to invest the money, which was as good as found, to the purchase of that clock.

It did not take him long to return to the jeweler's to strike a bargain, the money he had so opportunely received being just a little more than the price asked, and the clock and globe were carefully done up in a parcel.

"To what address shall I send it?" asked the polite storekeeper.

"There is my card," replied Mr. Mayblossom, taking the bit of pasteboard out of his cardcase. "I wish you would send it at once, as my wife is out, and I desire to surprise her by having her see the clock on her return home."

"I am sorry that it is impossible for me to do so. My delivery clerk is absent and I will not return for an hour or so."

"No matter, then. Give me the parcel."

He took the clock, and having reached the sidewalk hailed a commissionaire, who happened to pass by.

"You will take this clock to this address," he said, handing him the parcel and a card from his cardcase, which he still held in his hand, "and here's the money for your service. Now be off and see that you execute your errand promptly and don't you dare to demand any pay from the lady."

"All right, sir," said the commissionaire, "I'll do the job in a jiffy."

Mr. Mayblossom returned to his store in a very blissful state of mind, while the man glanced at the card for the direction.

"Hello, what's this?" exclaimed he in some surprise, reading the address, "Miss Priscilla Dusenbury, dressmaker, 340 — street."

Well, now, who'd think that such a fine gentleman would be sending clocks to dressmakers? No matter; that's none of my business. I've got my pay in advance, and I'll take her the clock."

Now, Miss Priscilla was a charming, red-cheeked, blue-eyed damsel of eighteen or nineteen years of age, possessed of a fair patronage, good health and a beau who gloried in the name of Augustus Tomkins, and was indeed a clerk in the identical jewelry store where the clock had been bought.

She was sitting stitching a robe, humming a song, and with her thoughts centered on her devoted Augustus, speculating whether he would make his customary noontide visit, when a knock sounded on the door, and opening it she saw the commissionaire with his parcel.

"A present for you, miss," said he, placing the clock on the table before the astonished girl. "And such a fine gentleman, too. He's paid me already. I congratulate you, miss. Good morning."

And before she could even say "Thank you" he was gone.

In great surprise Priscilla untied the parcel, and an exclamation of joy escaped her lips when she beheld its contents.

"The very clock I was speaking to Augustus about. The dear, delightful fellow has bought it from his employer and sent it to me. Oh, don't I wish he'd come to-day, so that I could tell him how much obliged I am to him for his splendid gift."

She arranged the clock on her tiny mantelpiece and had hardly finished doing so when there was a second knock on the door, and in answer to the "Come in," in stalked Mrs. Mayblossom.

She was one of Priscilla's customers and had come to see about a dress upon which the latter was just then engaged.

Her first glance naturally took in the clock.

"Oh, Mrs. Mayblossom," exclaimed Priscilla, noting the direction of her eyes, "isn't it lovely? And it was just sent to me as a present by a gentleman who loves me ever so much."

"Oh, he loves you, does he?" said the young wife in tones so cold and metallic that Priscilla looked at her in surprise.

"Of course he does," said she, "and I'm devoted to him. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, no matter," replied Mrs. Mayblossom, too proud to reveal to her dressmaker the doubts and suspicions which had entered her mind from the moment she beheld the clock; "but you will please return my dress in its unfinished state. I shall require your services no longer."

With which words she flounced out of the little room, leaving Priscilla more than ever astonished and mystified.

"What can have been the matter with her?" thought the dressmaker. "Can she know my Augustus, and could he have been paying her any addresses? I must ask him when he comes."

It was already near noon, and but a short time elapsed for Mrs. Mayblossom's departure before the fascinating Augustus put in an appearance.

He, too, caught sight of the clock, and his manner, which had been ardent and loving at his entrance, suddenly changed to one of fierce rage and wild jealousy.

"False, fickle woman!" cried he in a melodramatic air. "It is thus you betray the fond faith which my too trusting heart has reposed in you!"

"Augustus," exclaimed she, terrified at his excited manner and tragic tones, "what do you mean?"

"That clock," cried he, pointing to the innocent cause of all these complications.

"Why—why," stammered she, "did you not send me that?"

"I send you a hundred-dollar clock!" exclaimed he in tones of bitter scorn. "I, with a salary of fifteen dollars a week! You cannot deceive me. You know that Mr. Mayblossom bought that clock at our store this morning. You know that he sent it to you and you received it. You took this costly present from a married man. O, Priscilla, I thought more of you, but now all is over with us. My love is dead, and I live but for revenge."

He clapped his hat over his eyes and rushed out of the room, leaving Priscilla nearly frantic with fear and grief.

Meanwhile Mr. Mayblossom had quietly spent the morning attending to his business, and now, during the noontide recess, was slowly wending his way home, full of blissful anticipations of a loving welcome from his wife and utterly unconscious of the storm that was gathering on his domestic horizon.

He reached home and was greatly astonished to learn from the cook that, though dinner was ready, there was no wife in the house to share it with him. She had come home in a terrible rage, had gone directly to her room, remained there a few minutes and then left the house.

What could it mean? He went to his wife's room. It was empty. There was no clock on the mantel-piece. Ah, what was that? A letter addressed to him and in his wife's handwriting. He hastily opened it and read:

"Forever farewell. By the time you read this letter I shall have returned to my parents. Your deceit is discovered. I have learned all. First, I went to the dressmaker's and saw the clock there, and then I went to the jeweler's and made sure that you bought it and sent it to her. Do not seek me, for I am forever lost to you. Your heart-broken ANNE."

Sensible, good-natured George burst into a fit of merry laughter as he read this epistle.

"Here's a fine mix-up," muttered he, "and all because my wife happened to place her dressmaker's card among mine when she was arranging my carcase yesterday. Well, I suppose I'll have to go after her and explain."

He went into the library below preparatory to leaving the house and discovered lying on the table another letter addressed to him.

"Hello!" exclaimed he as he opened and glanced at the epistle. "More complications, and all on account of that clock. Let me see:—"

"Mr. GEORGE MAYBLOSSOM.—I need only state that Miss Priscilla Dusenbury is, or rather was, my affianced wife to prove my right to call you to account for your infamous conduct of to-day. No man, and a married man at that, shall give presents to one I love, or rather have loved, and deny me the satisfaction due to a gentleman. By designating a gentleman to confer with Mr. Clark, a friend of mine, in regard to the necessary arrangements, you will confer a favor on yours, etc., AUGUSTUS TOMKINS."

"Hoity, toity," cried Mr. Mayblossom, fairly convulsed with laughter. "A duel, as I live! Hang that clock anyway! I wonder what will turn up next?"

"I will," exclaimed a voice melodramatically. He looked up from the challenge he was reading and beheld Priscilla standing before him, wrathful as a Nemesis and holding the unlucky clock in a threatening attitude.

"Mr. Mayblossom," said she, "I have come here to tell you that I want none of your presents. If I had known that you sent me that clock, I wouldn't have received it. It has already robbed me of my lover, and you can take your infamous gift back again."

With that she hurled the poor clock to the floor, and the glass globe was shattered into a thousand fragments, the pretty Cupids lost their arms and heads, the carved flowers were broken, and nothing remained of the beautiful but unlucky timepiece save a mass of ruins.

"You giddy, headstrong girl!" exclaimed he angrily. "Now you've done the damage without listening to a word of explanation."

"I want no explanations from you, sir," retorted she haughtily, leaving the room.

As she descended the staircase she encountered Mrs. Mayblossom with her mother, a sensible, practical woman, who had induced her daughter to return and seek an explanation of the apparently suspicious circumstances from Mr. Mayblossom.

A flinty encounter between the wife and the dressmaker seemed imminent, when the front door opened and Augustus entered.

The young man had tracked his sweetheart to the very house and had come to drag her away by force if necessary.

Fortunately at this moment Mr. Mayblossom descended from the room above, and after some difficulty managed to give the necessary explanation. The result of all was a repentant wife, two contrite and crestfallen lovers and a ruined clock.—London Tit Bits.

The Adventures of Jones.

VII.—THE RISE AND FALL OF JONES CITY.

"That was a good story," briefly observed Robinson.

"Thank you," returned Jones. "As I have remarked so many times before, I simply related the facts. Of course Jackson will pretend that he does not believe it. Instead of treasuring up such things for use in the future he rejects them, and thus misses golden opportunities to improve his young mind. He will see his mistake when it is too late."

"How long did you stay with the circus?" asked Smith.

"Two years," answered Jones.

"But what I'd like to enquire," broke in Jackson Peters, with some earnestness, "is if you pretend to tell us that you could take an

elephant and teach him to swing on a trapeze by his tail, like a monkey?"

"I don't know why I couldn't, Jackson," replied Jones. "I taught that one, and he was just a plain Asiatic elephant. The swinging was comparatively easy—the hardest part was to teach him to twist his tail about the bar and raise himself up. He would have been performing yet if that rival showman hadn't greased the second trapeze bar, so that his tail slipped and unwound in making his \$10,000 challenge leap. After that I went out to Dakota and began in the real estate business by founding Jones City and making it the capital of Tumble Weed County."

Jackson Peters did not seem to be wholly satisfied. "Perhaps the bears out there swung from branch to branch by their tails," he suggested, in a tone of fine sarcasm.

"Impossible," answered Jones. "It was a prairie country, so there were no trees, and consequently no bears. Besides, bears have no tails. You show a lamentable ignorance of both geography and natural history. It was while at Jones City that I patented my Dakota pumpkin anchor. Before that it was impossible, as you doubtless know, to raise this nutritious vegetable in the Territory."

"No, I didn't know it," returned Jackson Peters. "Why was it impossible?"

"The vines grew so fast that they wore the pumpkins all out dragging them along the ground. I sold my patent for \$5,000, and used the money in booming Jones City. I built two churches and a theater, and started a daily newspaper—the Jones City Volcanic Eruption. But it was a severe blow to the town when it lost the county-seat. At that time—it was ten years ago—the Dakota court-houses were kept on wheels, I may almost say. One afternoon a party of men from Jumpsburg crept up, hitched six mules on my court house, and trotted away with it to their own town."

"But I was not discouraged, and determined on the boldest stroke ever attempted in the Territory. It was nothing more nor less than to bring the Capitol building down from Bismarck and put it in the place of my court-house, thus making Jones City the capital of the Territory. Fearing that the old territorial officers might not come, I hired a new set of officials, including a governor, auditor, judges, attorney-general, and so forth, choosing them mostly from my old county officers, who had been left behind. Borrowing the court-house wheels from J. J. Bird county, I took my territorial officers, fifty leading citizens and ten spans of mules, and proceeded to Bismarck. Under cover of darkness we adjusted the wheels and hitched on the mules. Most of my officials took their places in the several rooms, and as the level rays of the rising sun shot athwart the great broad plain, carpeting it with cloth of gold and waking the song-birds to melody and the wild flowers to prodigality of fragrance, I touched up the wheel mules from the front portico, and we rolled away out of town, with my governor on the roof blowing a tin horn and my superintendent of schools, a very conservative man, on top of the chimney firing his revolver into the air and singing Hail Columbia. It was a noble scene, and one which lives in my memory, but the effort was a failure. Gentlemen, I left Dakota without a cent in the world."

Jones rested his cheek in his hand and looked at the floor.

"But tell me what was the difficulty," said Robinson.

"Yes, it is no more than right that you should know. When we were about ten miles out my attorney-general came to me and raised a point of law. It was this: That Jones City would not become the legal capital of the Territory unless we had the cellar which belonged under the Capitol building. I gave the reins to my territorial secretary, and directed the attorney-general instantly to bring a test case before the district court, then sitting in its chambers on the first floor. It decided that he was right. Then, as we rattled along across the prairie, I appealed the case to the supreme court, on the second floor. It confirmed the decision of the lower court. I instantly stopped, unhitched the mules, and went back after the cellar. We were all arrested at Bismarck, with the aid of troops from Fort A. Lincoln, for abduction. It appeared that the beggarly janitor of the Capitol was hidden in his room in the attic, and that we had kidnapped the scoundrel without knowing it. We got off at the trial, but it cost me every cent I had. To-day the antiquarian who searches for Jones City finds only the spreading, trackless plain, with the June roses looking up saucily for the warm kisses of the sun, and a sea of prairie-lilies billowing itself in long rolling waves under the bold caresses of the ardent wind."

No one spoke when Jones stopped, but all looked at Jackson Peters. His eyes were closed as if in sleep, but there was a nervous, half painful expression on his face, and even the waiter, when he came in, knew that he was not asleep.—Harper's Weekly.

A Horrid Toad Down Her Neck.

It was a cold, bold, horrid little squat toad, not much bigger than a piece of chalk, but it captured a street car in Grand street last Friday night, and stood up the passengers, too, in a manner that would have commanded the respect of an experienced stage robber.

The car was going east, and was filled with shop girls and shopping women. Its windows were open, and that fact inspired a little boy, the owner of the toad, with evil thoughts. The little boy held the toad in his hand. He looked thoughtfully, as if he were considering the various profitable purposes to which a toad could be applied. Tying it to the stick of a rocket leaves most of the fun to the imagination, and slipping it into daddy's trousers pockets may bring about unpleasant consequences.

The Grand street car came along and interrupted the little boy's meditations. At an open window space the bare neck of a girl offered a shining mark. The little boy crept up beside the car, reached cautiously in through the window and carefully dropped the toad down the selected neck. The girl screamed, screwed her hand down the back of her neck, and screamed again, this time louder than before. She drew out something, threw it in horror on the car

floor, and at that moment the little boy yelled "Rats!"

Every woman in the car stood on the seats and shrieked, the driver put on the brakes, the conductor rubbed his eyes nervously, approached the small hopping thing, looked relieved, and ejected the intruder. The little boy sat on the curb, and looked up at the sky and smiled.—New York Sun.

Another Nationality.

"Your new maid is a brunette, is she not, Mrs. Partington?"

"Oh, no. She's French."



M. Hammerly, a well-known business man of Hillsboro, Va., sends this testimony to the merits of Ayer's Sarsaparilla: "Several years ago, I hurt my leg, the injury leaving a sore which led to erysipelas. My sufferings were extreme, my leg from the knee to the ankle, being a solid sore, which began to extend to other parts of the body. After trying various remedies, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, before I had finished the first bottle, I experienced great relief; the second bottle effected a complete cure."

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MARTIN McMILLAN, 431 Yonge St.

Cricket Notes.

THE Aurora and Toronto match was another instance of "willing" which appears to affect the opponents of the T. C. C. The average value of each wicket was a little over 2 runs, and at one stage of the Aurora innings it rose to 3, the fifth wicket falling for 15 runs; the last five wickets added 6 runs, while the longest stand was made after the fall of the fourth wicket, when 8 runs were added. Toronto did nothing extraordinary until the third wicket had fallen for 21, and then Laing and Wadsworth put on 65 runs. Wadsworth is showing fine form this year as an all-round man, and generally comes off with either the bat or the ball. He is a very free bat and a very tricky bowler, making great use of his head. Laing, on his form up to the present, is the best all-round man here, it being the exception when he does not do something in either one of the departments. In the match alluded to his bowling analysis read 8 overs, 3 maidens, 11 runs, 4 wickets, and Wadsworth's 8 overs, 4 maidens, 10 runs, 5 wickets. Out of Toronto's total of 155 runs these two men made 119. Aurora's bowlers did not come off at all, although Webster's queer delivery was enough to puzzle any man. He walks up to the wicket with an action that gives the impression that he is going to deliver an underhand ball and then slings his arm right over, his hand going above his head. Forrester and Bowbanks were of great value to Aurora, the former taking 4 wickets for 16 runs, while the latter caught two men. It was stated that he was also morally answerable for the dismissal of McMaster, for he looked so fiercely at the umpire that the latter's courage failed at the thought of what would happen if he gave an adverse decision, and McMaster had to retire, run out. The two Rosedale men put up a great game in Aurora's second innings, bringing up the score from 15 to 58, when they both retired one after the other. Then there was a great downfall for which Hoskin was answerable, four wickets going down for two runs, the bowler doing the hat trick. Then came a big stand by Read and Webster, who brought the score from 62 up to 109, when Webster was caught, while his partner carried his bat through for an extremely well played 45, in which he did not get a single boundary. Want of practice was discernible in the manner he let a number of off balls escape punishment, but his forward play was very good.

Toronto checked Parkdale's victorious career on Saturday, when the Western Club was defeated by 20 runs and 7 wickets. Leigh and Dean, Clark and Hall were the only men who offered any very serious resistance to the bowling, which was changed at the lower end frequently, Laing bowling unchanged from the exhibition end with good results. Dean's 21 was made by strong, useful cricket, but he does not appear to be at home with slow bowling, as he made several mistakes with Laing's towards the end of his innings. He is also a promising man behind the wickets. The analysis of the Toronto bowlers was: Laing 22 overs, 10 maidens, 25 runs and 4 wickets; at one stage he sent down 7 maidens in succession. Wadsworth 8 overs, 2 maidens, 15 runs, 3 wickets, and Goldingham 10 overs, 3 maidens, 20 runs and 3 wickets. Goldingham showed some very nice cricket during his 28; Laing, after playing steadily, began to hit and lifted several in great style, as did Wadsworth. The ground was very slow indeed, owing to the storm, which appears to be a weekly institution like the half holiday. The three wickets which fell were credited to Leigh, Fawke and S. Black, costing 34, 27 and 3 runs respectively. Clark sent down 13 overs, of which 4 were maidens, at a cost of 30 runs.

On the 'Varsity lawn Toronto's other eleven defeated Norway handily, closing their innings when the 6th wicket fell for 101, and then disposing of the Norwegians for 49. Wadlie 13, McMaster 29 and Brough 35 were the highest contributors to the score, while Oldfield made 33 out of 49 for Norway, leaving 16 runs to the credit of the remaining 10 players, five of whom got duck eggs.

The Parkdale colts met with a reverse on Saturday, which appears to have been a black day for the Occidents, being defeated by East Toronto 71 to 27. C. Maddocks carried his bat through the innings for 25 and D. L. Thomson made 24, but none of the others could make more than five runs. Parkdale's score presented still more peculiar features. Artie Chambers, who is one of the most promising bats in the West End and who has distinguished himself on several occasions, made 20, while the remaining seven men gave very little more than their moral support. Matthews made 1 run, there were 6 extras, which, plus the 6 duck eggs, made up the total of 27.

East Toronto's other team journeyed to the Junction and whipped the C.P.R. men, while the Junction Town Club were tasting "defeat's bitter cup" at the hands of Rosedale, who completed 144 runs, their opponents having made 94. J. Edwards 23, W. H. Garrett 22, and C. Edwards 15, not out, were the highest scores, while five of the Rosedale men reached double figures, Hardy 22, Howard 14, Potman 32, Clement 23, A. N. Garrett 16, not out. The Edwards brothers did some good work in this match, as they made 45 runs between them and were answerable for the dismissal of five Rosedale men. There were only four of them playing.

Mr. Gale, Old Buffer, of cricket fame, witnessed the Parkdale Toronto match on Saturday and was greatly struck by the fielding and throwing in, which he said was first-class. Parkdale's tour has had the effect of greatly improving the work of the club in this department.

In next week's issue MACK will occupy this page with an account of the tour of the Parkdale Cricket Club, dealing not so much with the games played as with the fun incidental to such an outing. If possible, a group picture of the tourists will be secured to accompany the article.

Tuesday was the birthday of Dr. G. Grace, he being 45 years of age. His average in first-class matches for the past thirty years is 41 runs, and his total score in that time in good games is 40,060 runs. It is said that no other

cricketer has ever compiled half that total. To bridge thirty years with an average of 41 runs is a performance that will probably never be repeated in the history of cricket.

A queer incident happened during the course of the same game. Mr. Wright, who was umpire, called a wide, whereupon Laing promptly reached and cut the ball hot and hard to point. Now it is one of the hard and fast rules of the game that the umpire's decision must be respected, and not disputed or contradicted, yet it would puzzle the Marylebone Club to provide for a case like that.

The batting averages and bowling analysis of the Upper Canada College eleven read as follows:

	Inns.	Not Outs.	Highest Score.	Total Runs.	Average.
F. Wadlie	11	1	44	164	16.4
Counsell	12	0	24	127	10.58
Eby	8	3	16 not out	60	10
Moss	12	0	34	105	8.75
T. McMaster	11	0	50	95	8.63
Ellis	10	1	41	84	8.4
Boulbee	10	2	70 not out	68	6.8
Hoskin	11	1	21	67	6.9
Street	5	0	11	24	4.8
R. Wadlie	6	2	9 not out	24	4
Wright	10	0	8	28	2.8
E. McMaster	7	0	6	7	1

Overs, Maidens, Runs, Wickets, Average.

F. Wadlie	140	42	271	30	9.03
T. McMaster	141	41	275	32	9.25
Ellis	35	12	87	9	9.67
Hoskin	110	44	239	23	10.39
Boulbee	103	29	227	21	11.33

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

TEMPER.—You omitted coupon.

LITTLE GIRL.—See answer No. 1 to F. M. E., also to Temper.

LAVINIA.—Your second letter, enclosing coupon, received. Your writing will be attended to in its turn.

F. M. E.—1. Your other letter was answered in turn. I cannot give you a second delineation. 2. Your writing is excellent.

DEAR.—Don't you bother your noodle about how much attention we pay to Toronto and outside cities. Just fix your mind on the fact that a coupon must be sent before your excellent writing is studied.

MACK.—Painstaking, orderly, anxious for success and a little lacking in snap and decision, some imagination, reverence, and a capacity of self-denial. Writing will change; at present delineation is not worth much.

QUEENIE B.—You are very correct in judgment, a little reserved in affection, frank in speech, and somewhat romantic; temper is good, opinions conservative and love of beauty, sympathy, tact and idealism are very evident.

VOLIE.—I don't see anything in the way of your success. You have very good qualities, but writing is immature; undue impulse and impatience mar it a little, but you will eventually "get there." I am quite sure. You should be successful in music. I cannot say about stenography.

SHADOW.—1. Considering the matter of your study, you choose a fine non de plume. 2. You are communicative, self-willed, a little temperamental, somewhat humorous, generous, but rather too fond of detail, very impulsive but not markedly vivacious, undoubtedly clever and somewhat of a thinker. You have some imagination, energy and snap, lack tact and perception, and are given to conceal your real feelings.

HOPFUL A.—1. I sincerely trust the turning point was up. 2. Your writing shows individuality, light but firm will, persistent effort, some carelessness of detail, a very great need of congenial companionship and rather a tendency to be over frank in speech. You are impulsive, fond of planning, alive to beauty in every form, and slightly less in self-control. Your judgment isn't always to be taken as final.

MAY BLOSSOM.—1. You can always re-brood your lamp and make it look as nice as new. 2. Wash the silk handkerchiefs in perfume and warm water, putting a little blue in the water, since in blue water and hang out over twenty-four hours to whiten. When they once get yellow it is hard to get them white again. Thanks for your kind wishes; I really cannot give you a second delineation. See how far I am behind.

BLONDIE.—Your writing gives a very fair study. You are hopeful, bright and fond of society, rather open in speech and decidedly sweet in temper. Your nature is kind and your sympathy quick; sense of beauty is also strong. I cannot imagine any immaturity in this strong and pretty study. Your effort is light but constant, and you have power of endurance, some originality and a habit of contentment are yours. Have you read Hardy's novels, or Besant's, or Rudyard Kipling's? I am sure you would like Sir Edwin Arnold's poetry.

RIO GRANDE.—1. You and your cousin deserve my best thanks—one interested me and the other made me laugh. We got so tired of the person whom you would have us send out to be done away with by the "Apache Kid" (whoever he may be!) that we looked him up. He is over the Don with Governor Greene. 2. Your writing shows independence, warm but not selfish affection, prudence, love of society, perseverance and a little tendency to despond. You are somewhat tactless, courageous, and I should not enjoy a quarrel with you. Am afraid I should get the worst of it.

CLEMENTINE.—Thanks for your pleasant letter. We are glad you enjoy SATURDAY NIGHT in your distant home. I don't think you read the Barnum paragraph quite right. The person mentioned did not go. I am too busy to kill flies. I let 'em commit suicide on the sticky paper. I cannot quite assure you on the Sunday car question, but agree with you in your hopes for the future. Toronto is very pleasant in the summer after all, and I am glad you can appreciate it and want to come back. I've been once in your present home, and made some very kind friends there. Write again when you have time.

ANNO.—It is quite interesting to get letters like yours, and you would be surprised if you knew how many I get. All over America are little Canadians who have followed their families or been taken by their husbands to far-off corners of the continent. They all yearn for their own country and say again and again, "I am a loyal Canadian," even when, like you, they have been living ten years in the States. I shall always be glad to hear from you if you have time to write. 2. Your study shows strong and decided feelings, warm affection, generosity, impulse and great perseverance, careful method and rather a taste for fun and optimistic views generally. You are conservative and decidedly original, with a forceful and independent character and a wholesome amount of ambition.

BLANCHIE W.—1. I hope I answered your letter when it came, and that your party was a success. But, however did you get strawberries and cream in March? 2. I think it would be a very stupid way of spending the evening to give your guests portfolios and letter journals to look over, but perhaps even having such things about would make them chatter—so playing the piano for them sometimes does. Why not have cards? A good game of whist or even a six hand game of widow would meet the case. You should be guided by their opinions and tastes. 3. High tea can be served any time between six and eight. Some sort of meat is indispensable; cold chicken and tongue or ham. Riddles of any meat or fish, potatoes in milk,

potato balls or baked potatoes are sometimes served. They are not exactly elegant but tasty. Don't have much cake. Sally Lunn, hot biscuits and waffles or nut fluff are nice after the meal course is over. A slight home made sponge or pound cake would be sufficient. Unless salad is excellent don't attempt it. Make the dressing rich, thick and abundant; put plenty of seasoning and cream. I should think pouring tea and coffee for sixteen people would be too much for you. Why not have lots of little sugar and cream bowls about and let the servant pour tea at a side table and another pass it on a salver to each guest? She might have a cup of tea and one of coffee on the salver and enquire which the guest would prefer. Light wine is nice in summer with the meat course, or lemonade. The large dinner napkins are always used when meat is served. Serviettes are not at all correct. Men hate them at any rate.

The Man Who Was Techy.

About half a mile beyond the cross-roads I came to a cabin around which a dozen or more people were clustered, and when I stopped and asked what had happened one of the men replied:

"We reckon ole Mose Bingham hees dun died this time fur shore!"

"Who was Mose Bingham?"

"Old man—powerful techy—lived on this yere squat of land. That's his ole woman." The woman was about fifty years of age, and was smoking a corn-cob pipe, and was taking matters very calmly. She approached me and asked:

"Stranger, kin ye preach a funeral sermon?"

"I never have."

"Needn't be much of a sermon," she continued. "It's fur my ole man, inside. I reckon he's dun gone at last. If yo' ar' gwine to stop around yere to-night I'd like to hev yo' do the preachin' to-morrow. Mebbe, however, he hain't dead, and you only lose time."

"What was the matter with him, ma'am?"

"Nothin' but techiness. He was the techiest man in this hull state. That is the fifth time he's died on me in two years."

"How died?"

"Why, flopped right down on his back, shet his eyes, an' dun died. He generally comes to life arter I've coaxed him fur a couple of hours, but this time he 'pears to hev died fur good, it's bin him fifteen hours since he flopped down."

"Yes, I reckon he won't prance 'round on this yere airth no mo'," added one of the men in the group.

I had a little talk with the wife and four or five others, and then we all entered the cabin. The old man lay on the bed, and at first glance he seemed to be a corpse. After watching him a couple of minutes, however, I made up my mind that he wasn't dead, and standing beside him, I said to the woman:

"Yes, madam, your husband has passed away, and as you want to know what he died of I will begin operations. I think I will take out his heart first. Two of you bring in a tub of water."

Both of the dead man's eyes flew open and he sat up and looked around. We returned his stare and nothing was said for a minute. Then he whirled his legs off the bed and said:

"Yo' all think yo' powerful peart, I reckon; but that's no peartness about it! I jest come back to life to tell the ole woman not to feed that yere mawl over two ears of co'n at a feed-in, but bein' yo' allar' feelin' so powerful peart I won't die no mo'! I'll jest live to hurt yo' feelin's an' spite the ole woman!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

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Music.

THE following caustic but playful letter from a German student will be read with interest. It would seem from the reserve force it indicates that the contract of extinguishing local German music students still lacks several points from being completed. It is a matter of deep regret, however, that the existence of this Teutonic musical element should prove such a nightmare to some of their fellow musicians. Surely brotherly love should rule among members of a profession who base the development of their art upon principles of harmony. Would it not be wise and consistent for those who so loudly profess to be working for the "art's sake" to extend a fraternal welcome to brother musicians who desire a hand in the glorious mission of the musical evangelization of their native country even though they may have been guilty of equipping themselves for their work in the land of Beethoven and Schumann?

Musical Editor Saturday Night.

The climax of an absurd and childish feeling against students from Germany seems to have been reached in the jealous drive of Analysis, the newly constituted man Friday, of a much concerned and disgruntled circle of local agitators. I have recently returned from the land which is so much reviled and little understood by some of our local musicians, whose dog days reminiscences of European travel have furnished so much amusement to the profession during the past two or three years. I have noticed, however, in spite of their twaddle that some of the most important positions in this city and province are intrusted to, and capably filled by, those who have specially qualified themselves in Germany. And what is more to the point, I think I may safely say that the work done by them will at least bear very favorable comparison with the best accomplished by musicians who have been educated elsewhere. Now on behalf of my fellow-students from Germany, I would say that a more amiable and forgiving circle there does not exist in Toronto, provided we are allowed to mind our own business. When the attempt is made, however, as it frequently is, to do this for us, the noble spirit of anti-Philistinism brought with us from Germany will no doubt assert itself. No country (as could readily be shown) is more liberal in its musical sentiment regarding deserving work from foreign countries than Germany. This same liberal feeling has been acquired by students who have studied there, but with it also the ability to estimate at its proper value the humbug and pretense which is the chief stock-in-trade of some of our slanderers; and hence their tears. I have yet to hear one unjust word regarding England from any German student, and am pleased that the wild statements of Analysis on this point were reproduced by you without comment. Rubinstein (a Russian), however, has asserted that the proportion of critically competent Germans, French and English, is as fifty, sixteen, and two, respectively; but he of course lacked "experience" and knew not whereof he spoke. I am (and proud of it).

A GERMAN STUDENT.

The question of nationalism in music has recently been receiving considerable attention at the hands of some of the greatest of living musicians, the opinions pro and con being interesting as illustrating the difference of opinion existing on this point. Dr. Drorak's belief that a new school of music might be founded upon the negro melodies of America does not seem to be shared by most of the greatest authorities to whom the matter has been referred. These seem to feel that the foundation of all music of a permanent character must be built on the models of great works of a more serious nature than the doggerel tunes of the American negro, the majority of which by the way are the creations of third-rate white composers. All the points so far advanced in this discussion were brought out at the last meeting of the Canadian Society of Musicians, when the question of a new school of music for Canada, based upon French Canadian melodies was considered.

There are in Germany sixty-nine cities and towns which support permanent grand opera establishments, with all that implies as regards vocal and orchestral resources. During the past season these produced eight hundred and fifty performances of Wagner's works alone, including two hundred and nineteen of Lohengrin, one hundred and eighty-seven of Tannhäuser, of the Flying Dutchman and Die Walküre ninety-nine each, and Die Meistersinger seventy-five. The modern Italian school was also unusually generously represented and Berlioz's operatic works, so seldom heard, seem to have grown in favor. A cycle of this great composer's works has been undertaken at the Carlruhe Opera under the direction of Felix Mottl, the premier conductor of that enterprising establishment.

Mr. Isaac Suckling, whose success as an impresario has marked him as one of the cleverest providers of high-class entertainments in the Dominion, has been appointed acting Secretary of the Massey Music Hall opening Musical Festival in May next and business manager of the projected performances of Mendelssohn's Antigone in the Grand Opera House in February, under the auspices of the University of Toronto. I have not as yet heard who is to have the permanent management of the Massey Hall, but if I may be allowed to offer a suggestion I doubt whether a better appointment than Mr. Suckling could be made.

Mr. W. O. Forsyth and family are spending the summer at Niagara Falls.

The genial organist of the Bloor street Methodist church, Mr. T. C. Jeffers, and wife, are summering at Lorne Park.

Miss Denzil, of the Conservatory of Music staff, is spending the vacation at Rochester, N. Y.

Mr. F. H. Torrington purposes visiting Chicago, Boston and Peak's Island during vacation.

During Signor Giuseppe Dinelli's absence in England, Mr. W. H. Bowes is fulfilling his duties at the church of the Messiah. Mr. Bowes has lately come to Toronto from Wind-

sor, England, where he was organist at St. Andrew's Parish church.

Rumor has it that Mr. Paul Morgan, the well known 'cellist, has accepted an appointment with the Damrosch orchestra for next season.

MODERATO.

Niagara-on-the-Lake.

There were very few of the inhabitants of this pretty little village and very few of its summer visitors absent from St. Mark's church on Wednesday afternoon of last week, when Miss Louise Thompson, only daughter of the late Colonel Thompson, was married to Capt. George Thair of Ridley College, St. Catharines. Nothing could have been more beautiful than the decorations of the church. Great masses of white water lilies, roses and daisies filled the font, while the communion table and the base of the chancel window were literally banked with most exquisite flowers. The four front rows of seats on either side of the aisle were reserved for the guests, and to signify that fact to those who escaped the watchful eyes of the ushers immense bunches of white daisies were tied with streamers of white ribbon to the end of each bench. The bride wore a very becoming gown of heliotrope, with wide hat to match, and was given away by her brother, Mr. S. Thompson, of the Queen's Royal.

Some of those present at last Saturday's hop were: Mr. and Mrs. Moffatt, Miss Moffatt, Major and Mrs. Harrison, Mr. L. McMurray, Mr. and the Misses Meredith, Miss Howe, Mr. and Miss Bernard, Mr. P. and Mr. E. Ball, Miss Burnham, Mrs. H. Hewgill, Mr. and Mrs. J. Scott, Miss Henderson, Mr. Mtheson, Mr. Graham, Mrs. H. Garrett, Mr. F. Geddes, the Misses Heward, Mr. J. Russell, Mr. S. Houston, Mrs. Ball, Mr. Watt, Miss Milloy, the Misses Kingsmill, Mr. Geale, Mr. and the Misses Boulton, Mr. W. Ferguson, Mr. E. Brown, Mr. G. Parker, Mr. Tilley and Mr. Beck.

Mrs. Taylor is the guest of Mrs. Charles Ball. Miss F. Dickson returned to Galt on Friday of last week. Mrs. J. O. Heward and family are among the latest arrivals. They will occupy Miss Dickson's cottage, near the Queen's, this summer.

Miss Rye gave a very pleasant garden party on Thursday afternoon of last week.

Mrs. R. G. Dickson has been spending the past week with friends in Toronto.

Mr. F. Geddes of Dundas spent last Saturday and Sunday with his parents.

Miss Allen and Miss Langmuir were among the visitors in town last week.

Mr. M. Boyd is the guest of Mr. A. C. Howe. Miss M. Hewgill returned from Toronto this week.

Mrs. Moffatt gave a very jolly little supper after the hop last Saturday, at which two of the belles of the ball-room were present.

The following were at the Queen's Royal last Saturday: Miss Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Miss Maud Beatty, Miss Louise Worts, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Parker, Mr. G. Parker, Mr. L. A. Tilley, Mr. F. Smith, Mr. E. R. Brown, Mr. J. H. Beck, Mrs. and Miss Hunt, Mr. H. D. Campbell, Mrs. Campbell, Mr. Thos. Coulter, Mr. and Mrs. Banting, Mr. R. W. Mathews, Mr. Homer Dixon, Mr. H. Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Riordan, Mr. and Mrs. J. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Bristol.

Miss Dennistoun and Miss McDonald, who have been stopping with Mrs. J. Gibb, returned home last week.

Dresden.

Mr. Russel Huston has returned from Toronto.

Dr. Bullis is on a trip to New York and the World's Fair.

Dr. W. Webster has returned to Annawan, Mich.

Mr. James King is home again after a short visit in New York.

The Misses Tye of Windsor, Miss Madge Stringer of London, and Miss Jean Bingham of Aylmer are guests of Mrs. (Dr.) Galbraith.

Miss Mabel Leonard has returned from Toronto, where she has been attending the Jarvis street Collegiate Institute.

Messrs. Frank Sharpe, James Sharpe, Morley Carscallen and Frank Wells rode over to the C. W. A. meet in Sarnia last week.

Mr. George Weir has returned from a visit in London and Port Stanley.

Mr. Robert Elliot of London was in town last week.

The latest event in society here was the garden party given last Tuesday evening by Mrs. Galbraith in honor of her guests, the Misses Tye, Miss Stringer and Miss Bingham.

The evening was delightful and Mrs. Galbraith, assisted by her daughter Marie, left nothing undone to add to her guests' enjoyment. The spacious lawn was beautifully decorated with Chinese lanterns; sofas and chairs occupied cozy nooks, and here and there might be found a quiet, dimly lit corner where those who so wished might sit out. The "dancing on the green" had its charms for the majority, though others occupied the veranda in merry conversation, and the devotees of pedro gathered together in a room specially provided for them.

Among those present were: the Misses Tye of Windsor, Miss Madge Stringer of London, Miss Jean Bingham of Aylmer, Miss Susie Watson and the Misses Sharpe of Toronto, Miss Mabel Leonard, Miss Lizzie Shaw and Miss May Watson of Dresden, Messrs. Langford and Shaw of Kent Bridge, Len Tye of Toronto, Oulette and Hubert Croll of Chatham, Will Green, Morley and Stanley Carscallen, Sandy Wallen, Frank Sharpe and Walter Wilson of Dresden.

DUKE.

Stratford.

At Hillwood, the residence of Mr. T. J. Birch, an interesting event occurred at 2 p.m. on Tuesday, July 11, when Miss Winnifred Birch was married to Mr. George McLagan, by Rev. W. J. McKay. The bride was attired in cream brocade silk, wore a veil and carried white roses. In the absence of her father, the bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. W. Buck of Brantford. During the ceremony the bridal party stood beneath a bower of palms and flowers in the drawing-room. The guests to the number of forty-five sat down to a sumptuous dinner in the dining room, which was prettily decorated by wreaths and festoons of pure

white marguerites. The presents were numerous and beautiful. The happy couple left for Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit and the World's Fair.

Another wedding, which has removed to the kingdom of benedicts two of Stratford's most popular people, was celebrated on Thursday, July 13, the two who have become one being Miss Ethel Cook and Mr. J. Russell Stuart, principal of the Stratford public schools. We wish the happy couple every joy and blessing.

The O'angemen of Western Ontario flooded the city on the "Glorious Twelfth" with about ten thousand visitors, but in future the majority of Stratford's better citizens would thank them to remain away or else leave their drums at home.

Mrs. Fleming of Darham is visiting her son, Mr. D. J. Fleming of the Albion.

Mr. George Kay of the Perth Mutual is enjoying a yacht cruise on Georgian Bay.

Rev. M. L. Leitch is off on a six weeks' holiday tour.

Mr. Peter De la Frasier of Buffalo, known as one of the best photographers in America, has opened a gallery here and is doing the work of the upper ten.

QUILL DRIVER.

Listowel.

The Ladies' Aid of Knox church gave a very pleasant lawn social at Argyle Place, the residence of Mr. D. D. Campbell, on Tuesday evening. The grounds were beautifully decorated, the variegated lanterns giving a pretty effect, and as the large audience present promenaded and indulged in strawberries and other delicacies of the season, the town band discoursed sweet strains of music.

Miss E. Bricker, daughter of Mr. D. O. Bricker of Winnipeg, is a guest of Mrs. S. Bricker, Main street.

Messrs. Nelson Hay and Wm. Climie started on Thursday last on a visit to the World's Fair.

Mrs. Ralph Donaldson of Stratford paid a short visit to her son, Mr. G. Y. Donaldson, last week.

The boarders of the Arlington Hotel were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Hay by an At Home on Wednesday evening.

Mr. J. A. Halstead of Mount Forest was the guest of Mr. J. W. Scott on Dominion Day.

Mrs. F. R. Green of Ontario, California, is visiting her brother, Mr. A. St. George Hawkins.

Miss A. Barber of Listowel is visiting her sister, Mrs. Kilbert, at Hamilton.

His Little Scheme.

Friend—Why do you write "dictated" at the top of each of your letters? You have no amanuensis type writer.

Business Man—No; but I'm a mighty poor speller, and if there are any mistakes in my letters the recipient will lay the blame on the stenographer!

Not Complete.

Madam—Well, Mary, what did you think of the pictures at the Academy?

Mary—Oh, mum, there was a picture called Two Dogs, after Landseer, but I looked at it for nearly half an hour and I couldn't see no Landseer.

Hardened.

Briggs—Does Hubbs swear as much as ever since he married?

Ephson—Oh, yes. His wife don't mind it. She used to be a telephone girl.

As She is Spoke.

"Dennis, you're a gentleman and a scholar: is this where you snatched?"

"Begorra, and you guessed it the first time; this is just where I room an' ate."

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While speaking of prices, we may be justified in mentioning the fact that some of the larger orders for the furnishings of private residences, churches and fine new passenger steamers which we secured this season, were obtained by us in competition with other first-class houses. But our advantage was not wholly in our prices. Our designs were more acceptable, and we were able to show that our house could fulfill these orders in a very superior manner.

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Social and Personal.

Continued from Page Two.

anniversary. Handsome presents of a very quaint and laughter-provoking kind adorned the table in the dining-room, while many very beautiful and valuable presents were also forwarded by their well-wishers.

Mrs. Lyman Jones, Miss Jones and Miss Goldsmith left on Wednesday for the World's Fair.

The Countess of Derby just before leaving Rideau Hall issued a circular letter to the women of Canada concerning her stewardship in the matter of the Princess May wedding present. The sleigh will be the finest obtainable and will be made in Montreal black bear robes have been selected, and a profusion of them will accompany the outfit packed in a brass-trimmed cedar box which will contain the names of the subscribers. The harness and bells are to be made in Montreal. The Earl and Countess of Derby were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Dobell during their stay in Quebec, who gave a grand dinner party in their honor.

The Governor-General and Countess of Aberdeen, their family and suite, will sail for Quebec on Sept. 7.

A quiet wedding took place on Wednesday in St. James' cathedral, when Mr. William Lount and Miss Belle Hornbrook were married by Rev. Septimus Jones. Miss Hornbrook wore her traveling dress, and Miss Emily F. Denison was the bridesmaid. Mr. Lindsay was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Lount left on the noon train for New York and the seaside.

The first concert and dance given on Saturday by the Island Amateur Aquatic Association attracted a number of smart people and proved a very successful and pleasant event. The evening was delightfully cool and the management spared no pains to ensure the comfort of their guests. The room was not overcrowded and the wallflowers were few, the juveniles comported themselves with becoming decorum, and altogether the visitors noticed a marked improvement in this always jolly and agreeable event. The regatta will be finished this afternoon, and the prizes awarded at the hop this evening. The hall would be a good place for an informal dance at any time, and can be had with use of piano for a trifling fee. Mr. Bruff Garrett, the secretary of the association, and an energetic committee are to be congratulated on their success this season. Among those who attended last Saturday were: Mrs. Francis, whose piquant little brown-eyed daughter dances most gracefully, Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, Miss Watson, Mr. Percy Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Rolph, Messrs. and Miss Rolph, Mr. Jack Dyer, Mrs. Sheard, Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Charles Pegley of Chatham, who is visiting Mrs. Stanton, Mr. Ollie and Miss Stanton, Miss Eckart, the Misses Parsons, Chadwick, Boulton, Hope, Hughes, Montgomery, and Messrs. Minty, Merrick, Nelles, J. Lee, Grayson, Smith, Wisner, Jarvis, Dr. Boulton and a number of others in picturesque island costumes or more formal afternoon gowns. Mrs. Fred Cox sang during the concert. Miss Anglin was charming in pink blouse and black skirt. Miss Rolph, who is a very bright little lady, wore a white physical culture frock, such as is in vogue at Hellmuth College, London, where Miss Rolph is at present a student. All styles of *chapeaux*, from the modish chip and white veil to the rakish little red Tam, are worn at these pleasant hops, and many a dear little sun-kissed nose and chin and pair of tanned little hands are exhibited, with their announcement of health, fresh air and outdoor fun. The boys are never so good-looking as in their cream white flannel suits, and a certain brown-faced, black-eyed beau was a picture in a dashing blazer of scarlet and black and a saucer cap of the same becoming hues. The tail of the comet was admired from the balcony during the evening, and various other tales, both sentimental and practical, were recounted. The risky voyage of the Messrs. Rolph, who were essaying to cross to Niagara in their canoe when the storm broke over the lake, made quite a thrilling narrative.

Mr. and Mrs. Quigley and a party of friends have returned from an enjoyable week in camp on the banks of the Humber. The party included: Misses Corney, Rowntree, Clark, and Messrs. Kleiser, Moore, Marlowe and Brown.

The Victoria Lawn Tennis Club's annual tournament took place on Tuesday and two following days. Among the players who won much applause were: Mrs. Whitehead, Miss Osborne, Miss Hague, and Miss Swabey. Col. Pope's two tall sons also played well, but were beaten by Messrs. Boys and Choppin. The courts looked lovely and the weather was perfect. A number of ladies and gentlemen watched the matches with great interest, among whom I remarked: Mrs. and Miss Gooderham, Mrs. Armstrong, Miss Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. Denison, Mr. Winder Strath, Miss Pope, Mr. Sproule, and Mr. Cook. The lady players in ladies' singles on Wednesday were: Misses Maule, Boulton, Hague, Osborne, Serbaey, Lefroy, Scott, and Mrs. Whitehead. Mrs. Whitehead's play was much admired, her lissome figure and graceful motions making even hard work look easy. She wears a dark fine cloth skirt and light blouse and sailor hat. Miss Osborne plays in white, with a pretty white sailor Tam as headgear. Miss Hague plays a strong game and wears an easy-fitting white frock and cream straw sailor hat. On Thursday the four winners, Mrs. Whitehead, Miss Hague, Miss Osborne and Miss Lefroy played the semi-final singles.

Mr. Charles Smallpiece and Miss Smallpiece of Avenue road are visiting friends in Guelph.

Mrs. McL. Stevenson of Barrie has been visiting friends in the city.

Mr. J. Martin is away on a little holiday trip.

The following have registered at the Peninsular Park Hotel, Lake Simcoe, during the week: Mr. and Mrs. J. Fraser Macdonald, Mr. E. C. Rutherford, Miss Chattle and Miss Violet Langmuir, Mr. W. D. Mair, Mr. H. L. Watt, Mrs. A. H. and Miss Irene Sullivan, Mr. A. J.

The Golden Lion.



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Henderson, Mrs. Charles and Miss May Reid, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. and Miss McWilliams of Toronto, Mrs. (Dr.) Mack of St. Catharines, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Beaufort of New Orleans, Mr. and Miss Clements, and Mrs. James H. Pearce of Toronto.

Mr. King of Orangeville has been spending a week with relatives in Parkdale.

Rev. Charles and Mrs. Inglis and family left last Tuesday for Drummondville, where they intend spending two weeks.

The fifth annual International Dog Show will be held on September 11 and three following days. The premium lists are now ready and may be had on application to the secretary. Over three thousand dollars is offered in cash prizes, besides the special prizes.

Mrs. and the Misses Cowan of John street are spending a few weeks at the Island.

A well known and esteemed Toronto gentleman, Mr. Rowan Kertland of the Imperial Loan, was married last Saturday to Miss Blanche A. Willson, daughter of the late Dr. B. S. Willson of Belleville. The ceremony took place in St. Thomas' church in that city, the officiating minister being one of the oldest clergymen of the diocese, Rev. Canon Burke. Mrs. Kertland has already many friends in Toronto, and will no doubt be one of the coming season's most popular ladies.

The following are registered at the Summit House, Port Cockburn, Muskoka: Mr. W. E. Gardiner of Chatham, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Bodie, Mrs. M. Ransom, Mr. F. H. Ransom, Miss Ransom, Mr. F. H. Ransom, Jr., of Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. Garland, Miss Garland, Mr. J. T. McKinley, Mr. D. Macdonald, Mr. W. C. Gurney, Mr. E. G. Staunton, Mr. E. S. Wellington, Mr. D. L. Lennox, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Checkley, Mr. A. Macdonald, Mr. S. J. Sharpe and family, Mr. W. Maclean, Jr., Miss Maclean, Mr. Willy Maclean, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Treble, Miss Treble, Mr. C. Treble of Toronto; Misses Maud and Mabel Manning of Brampton, Mr. and Mrs. Munroe of Morrisburg, Mr. and Mrs. Thorne of Detroit, and Mr. Arnold Ivey of Toronto.

Mr. R. Baker, a popular member of the French Club, was quietly married a short time since to Miss McLennan. The marriage ceremony was performed in the historic church of Niagara-on-the-Lake by the assistant minister, Rev. Mr. Garratt. Mr. and Mrs. Baker will take up house in the northern part of the city.

The young people's dance given at the Pavilion, Center Island, on Friday of last week was a bright and enjoyable affair. Mrs. Earsman played for the dancers, and about one hundred were present. Some very stylish and natty costumes were worn by the ladies, and the dancing was remarkably graceful and enthusiastic. Several well known cyclists were specially distinguished for their perfect terpsichorean performance. The open pavilion, with its brilliant electric lights and graceful party of dancers, was watched by a number of admiring loiterers under the trees.



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"Apparently. It makes me wish I had been brought up on Nestlé's Food!"
"I wish you had. You would have been a prettier boy and a politer one, too."

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Births.

WEBSTER—July 15, Mrs. Henry J. Webster—a son.
PEPLER—Barrie, July 17, Mrs. F. E. Pepler—a son.
HARBUTTLE—On Tuesday, July 19, 1893, at 185 Carlton street, the wife of Geo. C. Harbutt—a daughter.
DENNISTOUN—July 17, Mrs. R. Max Dennistoun—a son.
GIBB—July 15, Mrs. J. Gordon Gibb—a daughter.
MELVILLE—July 18, Mrs. E. Melville—a daughter.
TAYLOR—July 16, Mrs. Edward A. Taylor—a daughter.
HILL—July 18, Mrs. Rowland Hill—a son.
GALT—July 13, Mrs. John Galt—a daughter.
WILLIAMS—July 12, Mrs. Wesley Williams—a son.
GRAY—July 14, Mrs. John Gray—a son.
FERGUSON—July 12, Mrs. Ogil Ferguson—a daughter.
ARMSTRONG—July 9, Mrs. James Armstrong—a son.

Marriages.

LOUNT—HORNBERG—July 19, William Lount, q.c. to Isabella Hornbrook.
WRIGHT—FORSTER—July 19, T. G. A. Wright to Ann's Forster.
DOWD—IMMONS—June 28, William Dowd to Edith Lucy Immons.
FIELD—APPELCK—June 27, John H. Field to Agnes Appelck.
HUNTER—KAY—July 11, W. E. U. Hunter to Lizzie Kay.
HADDOW—CALDWELL—July 11, Rev. Robt. Haddon to Eleanor Caldwell.
HAWKER—ROBBERT—June 28, W. T. Hawker to Lucy Robbert.
ROBINSON—HASTINGS—July 5, J. F. Robinson to Maggie Hastings.
PRYCE—MITCHELL—July 12, Charles Pryce to Isabella A. Mitchell.
GRE—MISLAP—July 13, W. H. Gre to Susie Mislap.
LONDON—CRAWFORD—July 13, Charles W. London to Maggie Crawford.
KERTLAND—WILSON—July 15, A. E. Rowan Kertland to Blanche A. Wilson.
TIPPING—LEAPER—July 17, George A. Tipping to Alice H. Leaper.

Deaths.

O'CONNOR—July 12, Ellen Louisa (Lillie) O'Connor.
HOWAT—July 13, Mary Mitchell Howat, aged 74.
MASON—July 13, Anna Mason.
GRANGER—July 12, Annie L. Granger.
ANDERSON—July 21, Mrs. Mary Anderson.
FINLAY—July 17, Jane Finlay, aged 77.
AGNEW—July 17, Alexina Agnew, aged 81.
DAVISON—July 15, Mrs. Charlotte Davison, aged 86.
WATTS—July 17, Thomas Watts, aged 51.
JAMIESON—July 16, Barbara Jamieson, aged 19.
LOVEYS—July 16, Harriet Loveys, aged 77.
STEPHENS—July 15, Elizabeth Stephens, aged 70.
TREMLETT—July 16, Sarah Tremlett, aged 60.
SHANNESY—July 10, John Shannesy, aged 29.
DIXON—July 14, Miss Jane Dixon.
RICE—July 6, Dr. Peter J. Rice.
MONTGOMERY—July 17, Andrew Montgomery, aged 64.
NEFF—July 15, Menno L. Neff, aged 7.



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ALASKA—The St. Isidore leaves Vancouver for the Florida in the North-east Pacific on July 27.